

**PAULA
CICCONE**
*some
relation*

SIMPLE MINDED

**JIM KERR INTERVIEWED
BY PAUL MORLEY**

COUPS & COCAINE

Klaus Barbie's Bolivia Years

POOLROOM HUSTLERS

Britain's Fast Eddies

KISS KISS BANG BANG

25 Years of James Bond

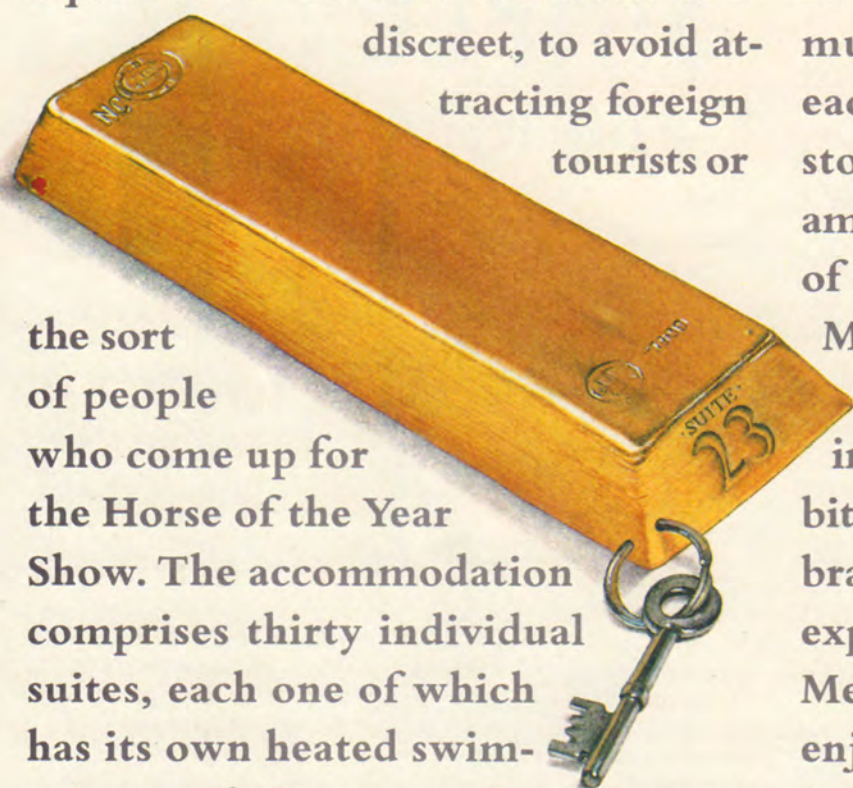
PLUS TIMOTHY MO/ROY ORBISON/JAMIE REID/DWARF THROWING/TOUR DE FRANCE/BEYOND THE FRINGE

THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS HOTEL

It is without question the Imperial Majestic Palace, situated on the west side of London's elegant Berkeley Square. The entrance is modest and discreet, to avoid attracting foreign tourists or

the sort of people who come up for the Horse of the Year Show. The accommodation comprises thirty individual suites, each one of which has its own heated swimming pool. Room service is instantaneous, since every suite has a fully staffed kitchen (with fine provisions supplied by Chisholm and Pagett of Pall Mall) and every guest is assigned a butler and personal maid or valet. Should you leave your shoes outside your bedroom door upon retiring, they will be replaced with a brand new pair, and not merely cleaned as is the practice in less salubrious establishments. There are no electric kettles, inviting

guests to make their own instant breakfast coffee, and there are none of those miniature bars that require you to fill in a fiddly little form, confessing how much you've had to drink. Instead, each suite has a vast and generously stocked cabinet where you will find, among other delights, a bottle or two of chilled Merrydown Vintage Cider. Merrydown uses only fine English apples like Bramleys and Cox's in its fermentation, rather than the bitter little cider apples used in those brands which you find in hotels which expect you to carry your own luggage. Merrydown may also, of course, be enjoyed in private houses, as well as an increasing number of public ones.



Merrydown. Cider for the few.

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On the cover
this month,
Paula Ciccone
(some relation).
Photograph by
Jack Pedota.
(See page 86).



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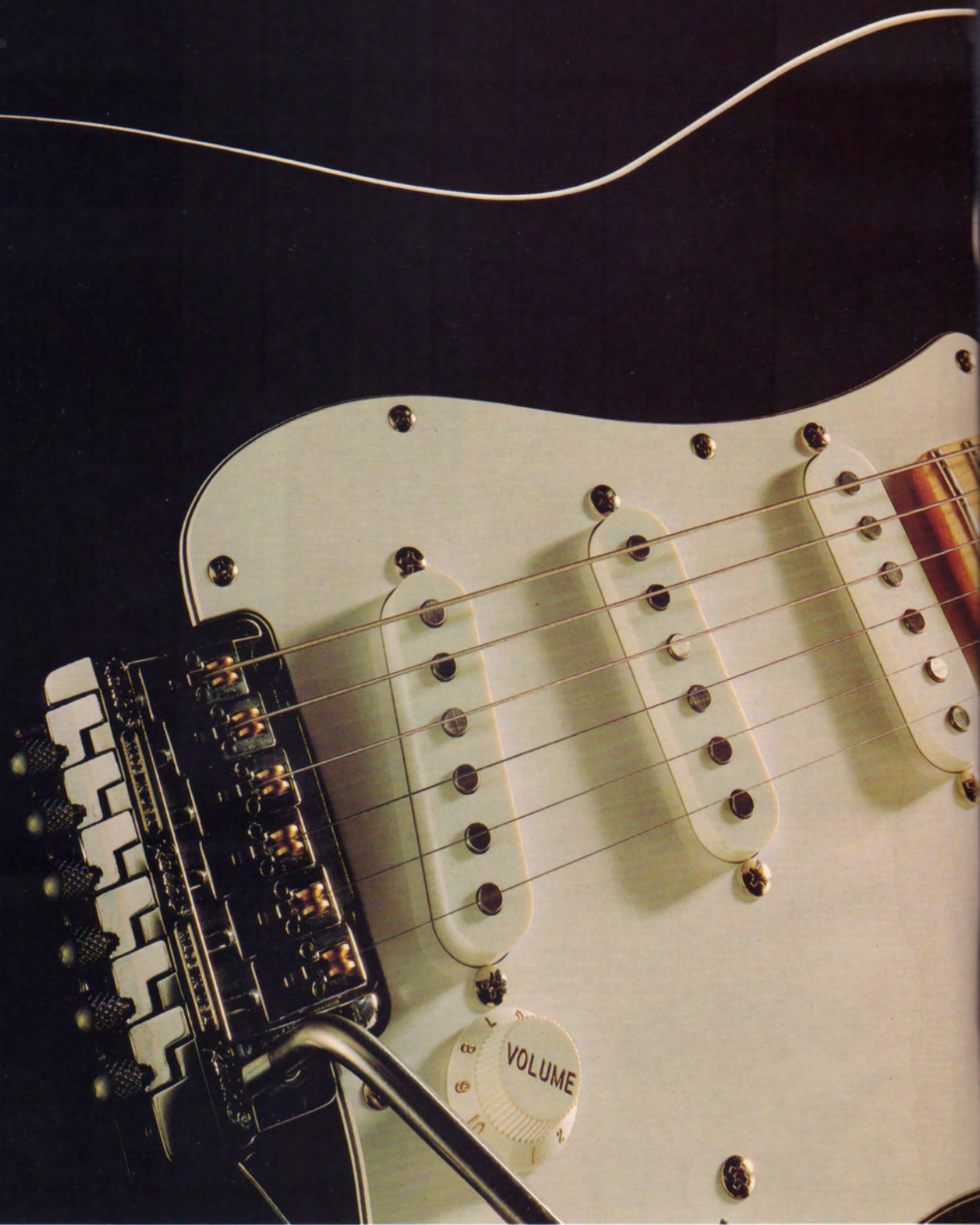
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Beware of imitations





Akai M512 CD 2x55W mini system with CD player and infra-red remote control.

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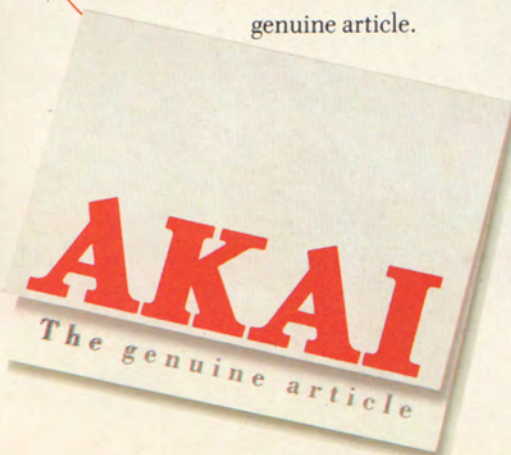
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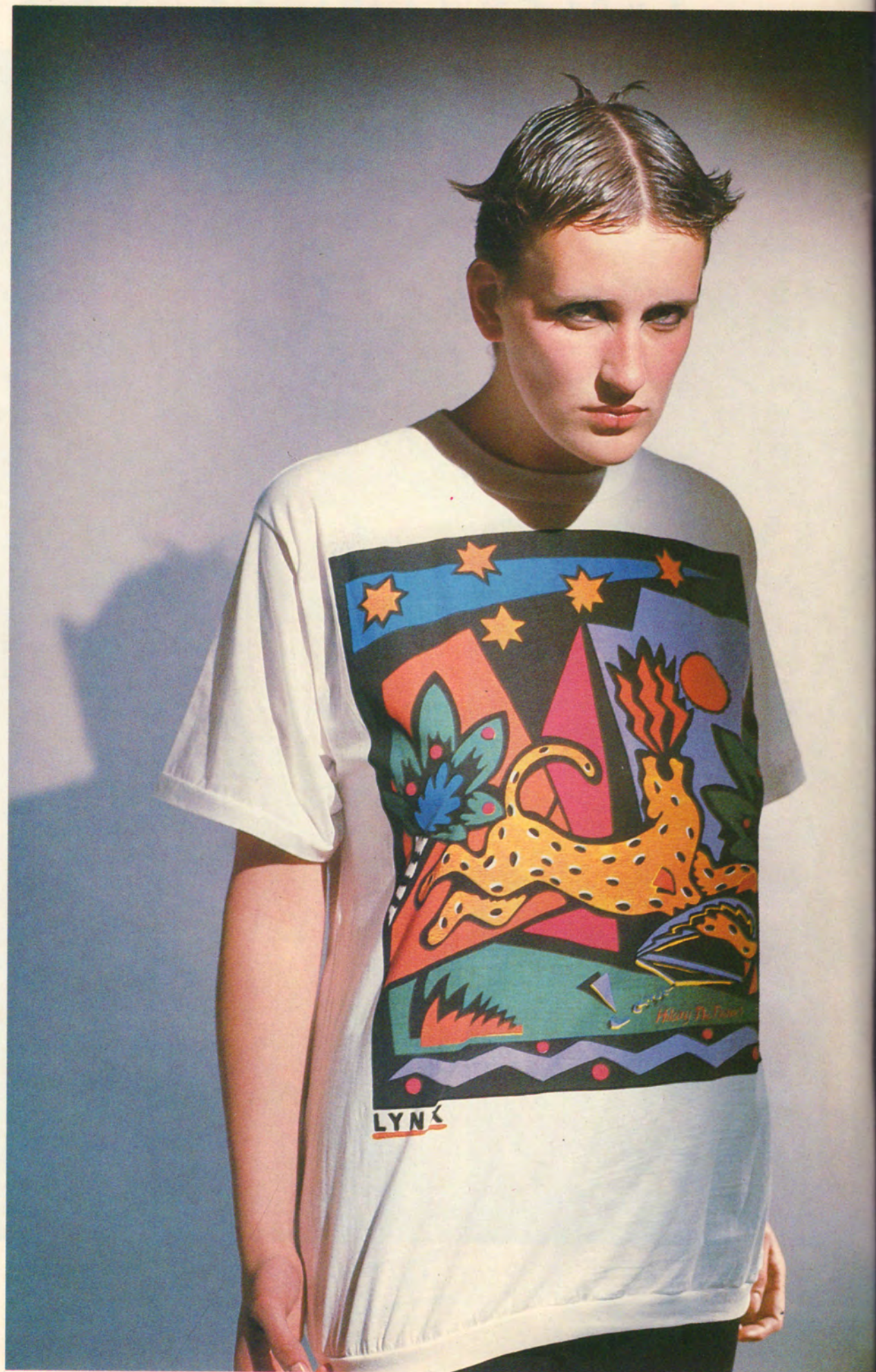
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Like Fender, we won't compromise.

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Hologram Art Designer Beers



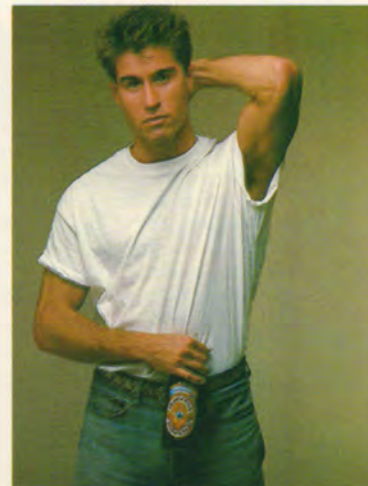
Designed by Lo Cole, Hilary McManus and Cathie Felstead of Sharp Practice, this is one of a range of T-shirts marking the beginning of the latest publicity barrage from the anti-fur pressure group Lynx to highlight what they see as "the senseless killing of animals" in the name of vanity. More oblique than their previous Hamnett-designed 'Yuk - Your Disgusting Fur Coat' selection, the T-shirts arrive on the back of a recent poll showing 72 per cent of the public against the killing of animals for fur. "The T-Shirts are just designed to draw attention to the issue but make it easy for the public to support it," says Lynx's Nigel McCartney while sundry celebrities have found it none too difficult to do the same. So far pictured displaying the T-shirts have been Julie Christie, Marti Caine, Dawn French and Joanna Lumley amongst others. The resulting photographs can be seen in a Lynx photography exhibition later in the year, along with examples of a 'Design A Fur Coat' exercise. "Lynx wanted the cause to be more accessible to young people and they didn't want it to be associated with anything like chucking paint at windows," says McCartney, referring to the Animal Liberation Front's more eccentric activities. "They wanted it as something that young people could relate to."

One of a series of auto-portraits by Martin Richardson entitled 'Inner Fears' (left), this is one of a number of holograms in the Illuminations: State Of The Art Photography exhibition at the RPS National Centre Of Photography in Bath. Featuring art holography from early on in the genre's evolution to up-to-the-minute from RCA students Duncan Young and Kevin Baumber plus established artists like Peter Miller and Paul Newman, it runs from June 20th to August 2nd. Also included is 'When You Wish Upon A Star' (below) by Patrick Boyd, who is currently working on two three-foot holograms for the Zandra Rhodes shop in Grafton Street, London W1, to coincide with the launch of her new collection.



Not a heavy metal band but apparently Michael J Fox's favourite refreshment, Moosehead is the latest entrant into the hotly contested 'designer beer' stakes. First tasted in Canada in 1867, though brewed like an ale it is in fact a lager and with an ad campaign in The Times/FT area and a distinctively stylish label, it is being aimed determinedly upmarket.

Meanwhile Newcastle Brown gains a facelift with its current campaign attempting to obliterate its Northern cloth cap image in favour of the much vaunted 'New Man'. Boosted by research showing 60 per cent of bottled Brown sales going to the 16 to 24 age group, the brewers admit to targeting a favoured drinker who is "new and modern" and is "the kind of person who knows what's going on and you might want to be."



Eamonn McCabe | Verlaine Video



Eamonn McCabe Photographer (Kingswood Press, £15.00) gives ample demonstration of why Eamonn McCabe has four times been voted Sports Photographer Of The Year. With fifty of his best shots from the last ten years, all with comments and camera settings from the man himself, and a text by Times Diarist Simon Barnes, the book is essential reading for budding young sports photographers and an excellent illustration of the genre. From the headshots of Lester Piggott and Nikki Lauda to Frank Bruno caught off-guard wiping his brow in training, to a shot of a mentally handicapped sprinting race at Crystal Palace, McCabe's pictures penetrate acutely the pain, concentration and emotional trauma of competitive sport, all of them snapped cold. "I've never been any good saying to Frank Bruno, 'Will you stand on your head?' I'm much more into the fly on the wall," says McCabe. "I prefer to work the minor events because I can make my own picture in them. I don't like being herded around into a pen because we all get the same picture." Now in his thirteenth year at The Observer after a brief sojourn picture editing at Robert Maxwell's ill-fated Sportsweek, he started via various assistant jobs as a freelance in the provinces doing "local work that the local photographers didn't want to do – darts tournaments and vicars handing out prizes", formed his own picture agency, was snapped up by the Guardian and the rest is history. For all the sports shots, however, it is ironic that his most famous picture, and one that won him the News Photographer Of The Year award, should be a straightforward news picture – that one of the fateful Heysel Stadium disaster, snapped on just two frames on an autofocus Nikon.

Despite its deceptive Fifties look, this clock is in fact a modern Chinese design and is available from Fast Forward, 14A Newburgh Street, London W1, as part of a range of eclectic metal designer objects in their newly opened basement.

Shot on two rolls of Super 8 in Film Garage director Pete Bishop's kitchen, the unofficial promo for Tom Verlaine's *Bomb*, from the *Flashlight* album, gives short shrift to the current high-budget/low-creativity state of the promo art. Costing a mere £250 it was conceived when Verlaine – at the time editing the Film Garage's promo for *A Town Like Walker* – caught sight of some of Bishop's experimental footage. "The song's about not being able to feel or hear or see, it's all about non-communication," says Bishop, and Verlaine deemed its grainy feel and perversely sexual imagery the perfect match.





Rosamond Lehmann

New Ads

for the slow haunting mood of the track. Sadly dubbed 'uncommercial' by the record company, who declined to pay even £350 to do a one-minute edit, the clip will nonetheless be seen on the club circuit. Veterans of last year's promo for Was Not Was and the Time Out animation ads, more Film Garage work can be seen in



the Berol and Varta commercials on TV.

Guy Burgess, TS Eliot, Noel Coward and Charles Lindbergh may appear to have little in common, but all feature in Rosamond

Lehmann's *Album* (Chatto & Windus, £5.95), a collection of the novelists' personal photographs which amounts to almost a visual Who's Who of the middle years of this century. The pictures are accompanied by Lehmann's own comments and anecdotes: Burgess, we are told, was



strongly reprimanded by 'Rosie' for attempting to seduce her gardener's son, while Lehmann records overhearing Coward say of her, "Extraordinary! I've never heard that woman say a stupid thing." She also remembers Virginia Woolf "tapping me on the shoulder at a party and saying, 'Remember we won this for you' - meaning the freedom to discuss sex without inhibition in masculine society." A valiant, energetic writer of considerable talent, Rosamond Lehmann's postscript to her life leaves the undeniable impression that today's literati seem to lack the style of their earlier counterparts...

Philip Hoare



'Bodyless' is the latest Copperhead cider advert by Paul Vester of Speedy Cartoons. Mixing live action and animation it features a wandering body in search of an appropriate head. Elsewhere Snapper Films follow up their last two animation cinema ads for Pepe jeans which, with impeccable taste and contrary to the retrogressive musical choices of other jeans ads, used soundtracks of Troublefunk and The The supplied by the record companies gratis. Their latest effort, directed and animated by Denise Thorne, continues the mutually beneficial practice with music by American band T'Pau. Costing a mere £20,000 (compared with Levi's £1/4m per ad), the original cut was also notable for containing three five-frame subliminal 'blipverts', advocating 'clothes', 'jeans' and the government recommendation 'Wear A Condom', the latter withdrawn on advice from the censor that its appearance would rule out its gaining a 'U' certificate. Thorne is currently working on similar mixtures of live footage, moving stills and hand-drawn animation for a Royal Tournament commercial and an 'It's Easy To See Who's Watching It' trailer for the soon to be launched European arm of MTV.



Ten limited edition prints of this David Hiscock cover for Sheila Smith's *The First One* will be on sale in aid of the Lighthouse project, the first AIDS hospice in West London. Exhibited along with nineteen other Hiscock works at the ASL ad agency, the prints are priced between £130 and £400. Details from Sharon Tancred on (01) 242 4444.

Island The Celebration Teds



Began by Chris Blackwell as a tiny label importing records from the sound systems of Jamaica and launched into the UK market from the back of a blue mini, the eclectic influence of the Island record label on the British pop scene has been immense. Crucial in the breaking of reggae and most notably

Bob Marley into the Western market, amongst the label's protégés have been Free, King Crimson, the Spencer Davis Group, Grace Jones, Robert Palmer, Roxy Music and U2, while their continued championing of black musics has produced the likes of Chuck Brown, Troublefunk, Sly and Robbie and King

Sunny Ade. Now also active in film production and distribution and still independent, the label this year reaches its 25th anniversary and in honour of the event

Channel Four are hosting a three-part celebration, produced by Tube refugees Andrea Wonfor and Malcolm Gerrie. The

first, a half-hour primer entitled 'Boy Lollipop To The Joshua Tree'

(June 26th, 9.30pm) is a musical montage of the label's history

from its first UK hit by Millie Small to the latest episode in the

U2 world domination plan. The second, 'Still Touching The Soul'

(July 1st, 11pm), combines a ninety-minute documentary

including archive footage of Jimmy Cliff, Free, Linton Kwesi

Johnson and Bob Marley together with a Chris Blackwell interview

by Paul Gambaccini. The third, 'Alright Now' (July 4th, 10pm), is

a three-hour live transmission of the label's own celebrations on

two stages at Pinewood Studios. Hosted by Jonathan Ross, it

features live performances by Julian Cope, Troublefunk, The

Christians, Robert Palmer, Sly and Robbie and Courtney Pine

amongst others with a live link-up from U2's simultaneous concert

in Paris. "We were just talking with the general managers at

Pinewood about what time the party should end," remarks

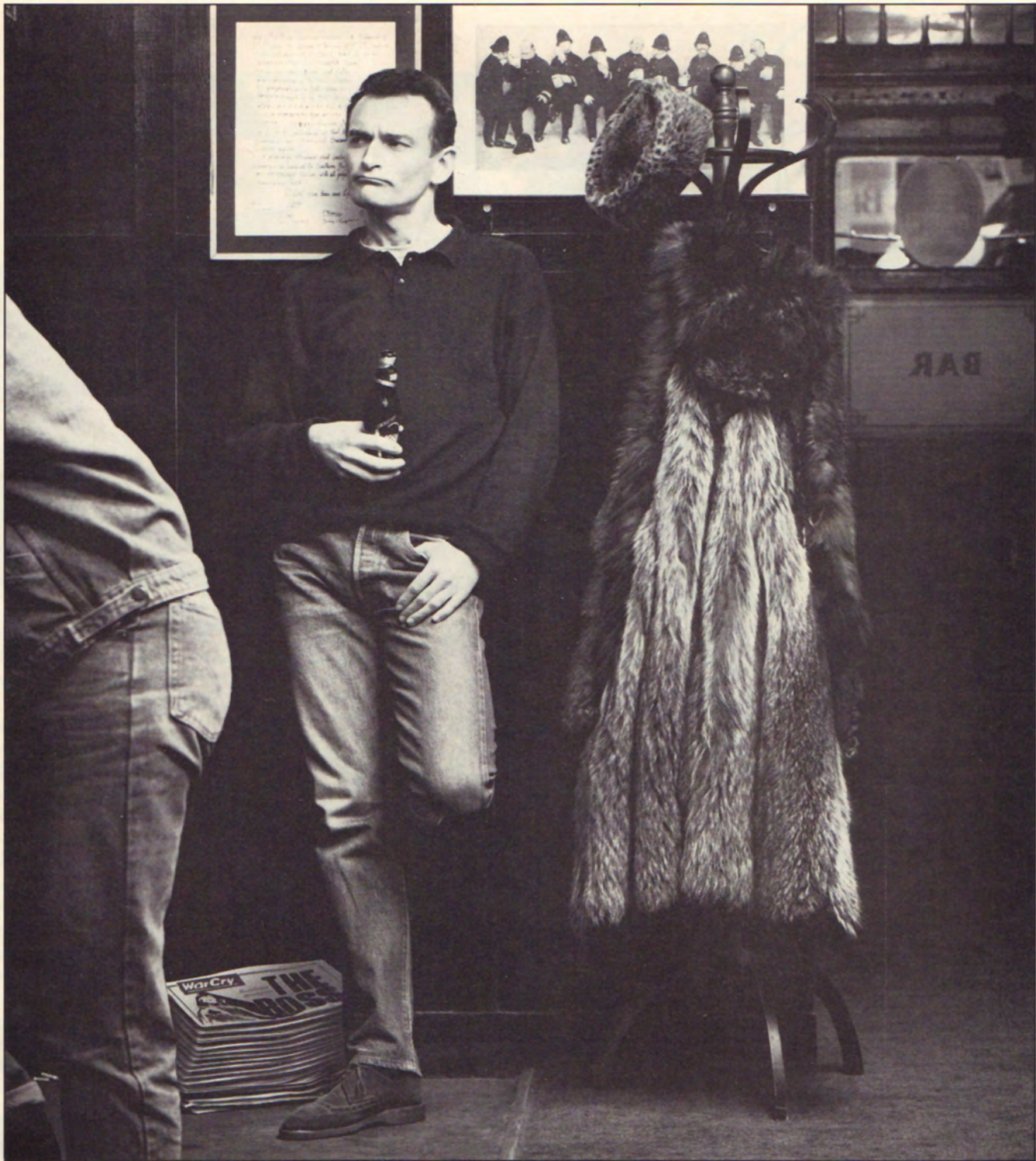
Wonfor enthusiastically. "And we think 6am should suffice!"



"Teds were Britain's first mass-market existentialists," according to Chris Steele Perkins and Richard Smith in their book *The Teds* (Travelling Light/Exit, £8.95). "Anarchists and fast livers, they acted out their desperado myth. Their crime was an end in itself." With some 200 pages and 60 black and white photographs, together with snippets of dialogue and factual events, most of the book concerns the Ted in his latterday glory: old rockers from up and down the country like Sunglasses Ron Staples, Tongue Tied Danny and Rockin' Rex, originals from the wild years now mellowed out, middle aged and peering down their noses at 'plastics' – newly converted youthful devotees to the cause. Less an in-depth report than a reflection of a lifestyle, *The Teds* succeeds in authentically evoking what is virtually a religion to most of the participants. Don't look too hard for explanations, however. Or maybe the Bishop Of Woolwich knew the secret when he remarked in 1956, "The hypnotic rhythm and wild gestures have a maddening effect on a rhythm-loving age group and the result of its impact is a relaxing of self-control."



Although it's billed as the first time a journalist has been allowed on-set and, by implication, subjected the man to such close scrutiny, as a cinematic breakthrough *Woody Allen On Location* (Sidgwick & Jackson, £12.95) is distinctly underwhelming. A shot-by-shot account written as a diary by journalist Thierry de Navacelle, its tone is characterised by such insightful gems as "Woody is in a good mood today. He whistles. Then he comes to me. It's going to be a cold night." Complete with the number of takes and prints for each scene, which bystanders ask Woody for his autograph, and where the crew eat their lunch, if you've ever wondered about the mechanics and minutiae behind a top director's movements on-set then this is the book for you. However, if you've ever wondered about the creative decision-making and thought processes that make Woody Allen tick, then don't bother.



Blake's head filled with questions. Why had he bought all the papers from the uniformed pensioner? What had he done to deserve the cold shoulder from the tall Russian woman with the nice legs?

And when would the **1080** take effect?



Courtelle Awards

Young Creators



Theatre, performance, film and music come together in this year's LIFT festival, which lives up to its international aspirations with work from Canada, Nigeria, Argentina, Italy, Yugoslavia and elsewhere. The highlight promises to be 'The Coloured Museum', a Joseph Papp production transferred from New York depicting life for the American black, though with LIFT's innate unpredictability such prophesies are foolish. Scheduled appearances include a "free version" of Don Giovanni from the Mexican Compagnia Di Divas; 'Duet For Spies' from New Yorker Jim Neu (hailed as "Franz Kafka meets Groucho Marx"); an "unofficial heavyweight (boxing) and entertainment championship of the world"; and the Australian Circus Oz presenting social satire and down-under wit whilst engaged in traditional aerial performance, Chinese acrobatics and kangaroo acts – despite the fact that "there are no animals in this show". With a schedule including workshops from various artists, street theatre, discussions and films, the festival runs from July 13th to August 2nd in venues stretching from a deserted island on the Thames to the Royal Court. This year's Festival Club with late-night cabaret can be found at the Almeida Theatre.



As part of this year's eighth Courtelle Design Awards, Jean Paul Gaultier has been invited as a special guest designer and judge for the Fabric Awards. About four months ago, Gaultier visited London and presented students from five colleges throughout England with a project: to create a special knit fabric, which he planned to incorporate into his forthcoming collection. He stressed his requirements for the designs: modernity, technology, artificiality, and a sense of the future. The results were shown upon his return last month before Gaultier himself and a judging panel including Hamish Bowles (Harpers & Queen), Linda McLean (Mail On Sunday), Karen Callen (Elle) and myself. So impressed was Gaultier by the high standard of the entries that he chose not one but four students as joint winners. "But truly you are all winners," he reminded them, "because you are here!" Several of the students had run into problems in translating their designs from the small machines they work with in college to the vast industrial machinery used in the textile mills in the North of England, but Gaultier was adamant: "If it does not work one way, find another way. There is always a way. You have to fight... so fight a lot!". The four winning students, who now have the chance to see their fabric

made up into original JPG designs and eventually displayed on the catwalk, are as follows: Fiona Fitzpatrick (Huddersfield Poly), who impressed the judges with her technical knowhow and sheer enthusiasm for fabric; Jenny Hughes (Trent Poly), who created a delightful tone-on-tone 21st-century version of an old Spanish lace; Yvonne D'Souza (Trent Poly), whose shiny Star Trek-inspired black fabric could make sequins redundant; and Zoe Youngman (Winchester School of Art), who used eroding metals as her inspiration, creating a fabric which, although appearing rusty, was soft to the touch.

Gaultier will translate these designs into a capsule collection to be unveiled at a spectacular Fashion Gala Awards Show on July 1st. The public will be able to view the results of the Gaultier/Courtelle affiliation in September, when the range will be available exclusively in Zone at Harvey Nichols, and later in the year when Courtelle present a performance of the ballet 'Le Defile', which Gaultier has been working on with choreographer Regine Chopinot.

And what of the winners? One of the lucky four will soon be whisked off to Paris to work for Gaultier in his design studio. After the judging, the question on everyone's lips was, which one will it be? The man himself simply smiled and, for once, said nothing. Iain R Webb

Comic Iconoclasm, a major exhibition this summer at London's ICA (June 16th to August 30th) will provide a status report on a number of postmodern painters (seventy-five, that's the number) who have appropriated elements, techniques and (frequently) characters from the comic so-called subculture and recast them into new narratives and situations. Some of the work recalls Warhol's preoccupation with the mass production of imagery, but the later work investigates the nature of the comic or cartoon characters themselves. The show will be heterogeneous, it may be hilarious, but it should be jolly interesting. There will also be a series of seminars and workshops and a season of films citing popular source material, such as Felix the Cat, Popeye and Superman cartoons. What could be nicer? *Marc Issue*



The Young Creators is a Design Council showcase featuring over 150 examples of student work in various fields of design. Showing at Manchester's Whitworth Art Gallery from July 24th to August 27th and Leicester Poly from September 7th to 30th, the exhibition includes Jonathan Groves' supermarket trolley with built-in calculator and shopping list holder and Dominic Seddon's futuristic hi-fi (both pictured). Also on the exhibition front, following last year's successful showcase, Scotfree Two presents the best of Scottish student textile design talent. Encompassing print, weave, knit and embroidery work from five colleges, the exhibition takes place at Kensington Exhibition Centre from June 30th to July 2nd.





PERNOD
Free the Spirit





cannes eye

(FRENCH PUN)

Charlotte Rodgers reports on the winners and losers at last month's **CANNES FILM FESTIVAL**



Emily Lloyd in *Wish You Were Here* (released in Britain in the Autumn).

As the awards ceremony for the 40th Cannes Film Festival drew to a close, it seemed fitting that the Golden Palm was won, for the first time in twenty years, by a French film, *Under Satan's Sun*, directed by Maurice Pialat and starring Gérard Depardieu. Fitting, that is, to

everyone except the audience at the ceremony. As Catherine Deneuve, clad in one of Yves St Laurent's mistakes, tried to present the prize to Pialat, one thousand dinner jackets rose to their feet in protest. Pialat responded by thanking those who liked his film and inviting those who didn't to naff off, accompanying his words with a gesture which ensured that the live Eurovision audience got his drift. The film had all along been hailed as a contender by the critics, but the audience clearly felt that this tale of a priest's struggle with the devil was not a worthy winner. Gérard Depardieu, as the priest in crisis, tests his faith by self-flagellation. Never before has there been so much self to flagellate. Director Pialat also makes a screen appearance as a priest — maybe it was his acting they booed.

The ceremony ended in the usual shambles with dry ice everywhere, film

stars in all the wrong places, awards mumbled then fumbled. Marcello Mastroianni, ageing professional charmer, received the award for best actor for the film *Black Eyes*, in which he plays an ageing professional charmer. Beauties of yesteryear Jane Russell and Jean Simmons got awards for being in Cannes and making it up onto the stage. Faye Dunaway, who gives her best performance in years opposite Mickey Rourke in *Barfly*, made it clear she would not attend the ceremony unless awarded the prize for best actress. That afternoon Faye was advised to order room service for the evening and the prize went to Barbara Hershey for *Shy People*. Wim Wenders collected the Best Director award for his film *Wings Of Desire*. The closing night ceremony was followed by an equally chaotic closing night dinner. Gérard Depardieu made do with large quantities of bread and wine, just like the priest in the film, while Cannes jury member Norman Mailer hovered in the buffet queue, plate in hand, before selecting the veal. Perhaps the follow-up to his disastrous film *Tough Guys Don't Dance* will be *Tough Guys Don't Queue*.

A week earlier the British were queening it, or rather prining it, over everyone else. The Prince and Princess of Wales made a day-long visit to Cannes to fly the flagging film flag. Official British Festival entries were considered too strong for Royal viewing so Prince Charles missed seeing Joe Orton, in *Prick Up Your Ears*, consummating his relationship with Kenneth Halliwell while watching the Queen's wedding on TV. Charles and Di

ttlefields...

**SURF
NAZIS
MUST DIE**



Jon McCallum
Peter George
Peter George

Mothers have always told their daughters little white lies...but one mom has just gone too far!

You don't believe everything your mother tells you...do you?



NICE GIRLS DON'T EXPLODE

A comedy about love, trust, and the fear of spontaneous combustion.

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NEW WORLD PICTURES

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were also spared the psychological nuances of Brian Dennehy's indigestion in Peter Greenaway's *Belly Of An Architect*. Instead director Lindsay Anderson found himself the subject of a Royal seal of approval. *The Whales Of August* stars Lillian Gish and Bette Davis, both quite understandably no longer interested in indulging in behaviour which could shock the Royals. There followed a Royal Banquet in honour of Sir Alec Guinness. While the British scraped money together, the Americans snapped up tickets at £500 a head and the French Republicans naturally demanded free ones.

Earlier in the day the Royals had dropped in on the British Pavilion, a magnificently improvised building housing Wardour-Street-Sur-Mer which had been officially opened by Rupert Everett and Robert Maxwell. Maxwell's speech to the assembled British Press was in French so no-one was quite sure of the Pavilion's official function, but it was well used and the plumbing was reassuringly English. The unofficial British princess was Emily Lloyd, 16-year-old star of David Leland's directorial debut *Wish You Were Here*, which shared a prize for Best Film Out Of Competition. Emily was inevitably compared to Brigitte Bardot (she does have blonde hair) but she shows all the signs of being recognised as a major actress. She was chosen to present a bouquet to the real Princess, who was nonetheless not allowed to witness Emily's excellent screen performance. This may have been because David Leland based his script on "conversations with several 50-year-old women about their youth", and

most of these women seem to have been Cynthia Payne.

Kept well away from the worthy entries to main competition was the market where last year's much talked about, seldom viewed and never sold hit *Fat Guy Goes Nutzoid* was ousted from top of the league by a series of titles from the Troma company including *Surf Nazis Must Die*, *Space Sluts In The Slammer*, *I Was A Teenage TV Terrorist* and *Demented Death Farm Massacre*. Lloyd Kaufman, President of Troma ('a speciality house with a difference'), described his company's recipe for success: "Too many people think that if you throw in half a can of ketchup and half a can of bikinis a film will evolve. In fact it takes a certain vision, sincerity and something that will intrigue an audience."

Kaufmann keeps Troma film budgets low by shooting films in sequence, many being set in the fictitious town of Tromaville. Peter George, director of *Surf Nazis Must Die*, got his big break while building sets for *Space Sluts In The Slammer*. In *Surf Nazis California* becomes a battleground for rival surf gangs as the Samurai Surfers and Designer Waves attempt to end the evil reign of the Surf Nazis. Adolf and Eva must look to their boards when Mama Washington warns them to clean up their act. Video buyers around the world queued up to buy the entire Troma catalogue. "See you next year," threatened Lloyd Kaufmann, adding that he makes films "for that artistic satisfaction", a sentiment echoed by Maurice Pialat, as the latter clutched his Golden Palm. ●

NEW RELEASES

SOMETHING WILD

● Director Jonathan Demme claims that his latest work is "meant to manipulate audiences on a full-tilt, emotional roller-coaster; laughing one minute, cringing the next." Certainly, his *Something Wild*, one hysterical and perverse screwball comedy, doesn't hang about. From beginning to end, this is brash and brilliant, fraught and almost indecently funny. Melanie Griffith is the kinky, whisky-slurping, slightly spacey Lulu who observes goofy, unsuspecting NY financial executive Charlie Driggs (Jeff Daniels) as he slips out of a Manhattan deli without picking up the bill. She intercepts him outside, offers him a lift in her battered Buick and zooms out of the city to begin a manic and completely absurd weekend joyride across five states that escalates into sheer terror. Firstly, though, they stop off at some seedy motel and, while Driggs attempts to phone his boss to cancel appointments for the afternoon, Lulu straddles his chest, reaches into her bag for some adult toys, then handcuffs him to the bedposts. His bemused expression as he comments, "You're a funny girl, Lulu", is a moment of gorgeous understatement. After a mattress jig or two, Driggs is thinking that maybe this isn't such a bad way to spend a Friday afternoon and off they go. All's well until they breeze into Pennsylvania for a high school reunion, where ex-con Ray Sinclair, a nasty bit of work played efficiently by Ray Liotta, pops up to reclaim his property — ex-wife Lulu. From there, the comedy zooms off into the distance and the thrills really begin. Next to Daniels' slightly exasperating nerd, Griffith makes a masterpiece out of her witchy, rather schizoid, but wholly alluring temptress. With the ever-reliable, ever-irregular Demme at the helm and a neat, informal soundtrack by John Cale and Laurie Anderson, *Something Wild* spills right over the edges and sucks you into the heart of its frantic farce. With all the berserk tension of Scorsese's *After Hours* and none of the flaky, anti-yuppie simpering of *Lost In America*, this tickles and teases in all the right places.

Jonh Wilde

RADIO DAYS

● This affectionate tribute to the days when radio ruled the airwaves isn't Woody Allen at his most cerebral, but it's certainly a work straight from the heart. The scene is early Forties America, an Ovalteenie's world of giant families and friendly neighbours. The radio, crackling like a firehearth at the centre of this cosy community, is ingeniously used by Allen to interweave a whole host of amusing stories. Like the day Mr Needleman next door had a nervous breakdown and ran about in the street in his boxer shorts. Or the time young Joe raided the synagogue's collection box for a Masked Avenger ring. Amidst the usual acting ensemble, Allen appears only in spirit and voiceover as the cute little ginger-haired kid who acts as narrator and whose family provides the film with its focus. Then there are the radio celebrities themselves: Mia Farrow as the cigarette girl who discovers elocution lessons and catapults to stardom; and the little bald-headed Masked Avenger who on New Year's Eve wonders wistfully if "future generations would have even heard of us." Such sentiment is the very substance of this unashamedly nostalgic romp. Lost innocence? The good old days? The idea may make you want to stick your fingers down your throat, but you've got to admit this tenderly told tale is utterly enchanting.

Jane Bartlett

THE GATE

● Cheap horror rarely offers anything to cherish, and *The Gate* is as mindless, exploitative and commercially shrewd as the majority. Its protagonists are two teenage suburbanites — Glen and Terry — for whom life becomes very frightening when Glen's parents go away for the weekend. The source of their discomfort is a sinister hole in the garden which begins to spew out dozens of devilish little monsters, all of whom serve the Demon Lord, who looks suspiciously like a dinosaur. Doors rattle, light bulbs fizzle and fuse, and horrid nasty creatures appear when you most expect them. Will Glen and Terry be able to close up the hole before the Demon Lord takes over the world? Naturally they will, because Terry has a heavy metal record that tells you how to do it. Thank heaven for heavy metal. Some of the special effects are impressive in a gruesome sort of way, thanks to the work of Bill Taylor and Sid Dutton (whose work on films like *Missing* and *The Blues Brothers* does them rather more credit). But it is short recompense for an utterly banal screenplay and some very, very flat acting. If director Tibor Tabacs had made *The Gate* a little worse then it might be funny. As it is, it will probably just manage a two-week run at a local cinema, and will make a nice little profit on the video market.

Andy Black

STRAIGHT TO HELL

● Alex Cox maintains his unpredictability with a film that's tasteless, amoral, trivial and enormous fun. The basic scenario is that of just about any spaghetti western — strangers in town, gun fights, a little pouting love interest — although this one resolutely resists any semblance of a coherent plot. All we get is three hopeless thieves and their moll on the run from the law shacking up in a strange city, and an hour-and-a-half of interesting ways for people to expire. Joe Strummer as one of the villains bears out the rumours of his Method approach by looking dirtier than you could imagine any man to be. His acting is surprisingly good, the blank-



generation sneer coming in mighty useful for flashing just before you pull out your weapon. Oh yes, there's a lot of hanky panky too, and although feminists may not exactly be queuing up to acclaim it, there's a clever reversal of the genre's conventions that might have them sneaking in the back door. The cast includes everyone from The Pogues to Dennis Hopper, the latter's time on screen a little over two minutes, but it's that kind of a film. Jim Jarmusch has a cameo which requires him to die in a white suit, Elvis Costello has to serve coffee on silver trays to the desperadoes. Flimsily magnificent, it sees the resurrection of Cox as one of cinema's fresh talents.

Paul Mathur

THE BOY WHO COULD FLY

● *The Boy Who Could Fly* is one of that growing breed of American films that requires of its protagonists a stiff upper lip and moral strength in the face of the most unpleasant blows. Almost everyone in the film has their problems — there's the Michaelson's whose Dad has just topped himself having found out he had cancer, then there's Mrs Michaelson trying to get a job after not having worked for ten years, and, of course, there's Eric, the boy who believes he can fly having lost both his parents in a plane crash when he was little. By the time little Louis Michaelson has to watch his pet dog being run over, the sense of spiteful manipulation engineered by the filmmakers has long since stuck in the throat. Louis' sister Milly (Lucy Deakins) befriends Eric (Jay Underwood), who has refused to speak since the trauma of his parents' death. The two of them sit and look into each other's eyes, then eventually go off for a fly around town, plunging the film into a kind of sub-Birdy banality. Any mystery, magic or comment on the power of imagination reduces itself to two-syllable schmaltz in which the actors, although unquestionably proficient, never stand much of a chance. If ever there was an argument for taking a twelve bore to *anything* that flits past your window, this is it. *Paul Mathur*

EVIL DEAD II — DEAD BY DAWN

● Imagine your mother's down in the cellar, OK — only she's come over all dead and a trifle evil, and she wants your arsehole as a suspender belt. So someone caves her head right in, *does her over*, like... but — 'orror-of- 'orrors — you get one of her eyeballs straight smack in your gob. That's entertainment, right? A good gag, a jest and a half. Violence — yeah, it's alright, as long as it's clichéd enough. And rest assured, director Sam Raimi *hones* those clichés. Witness chainsaws through the skull, rats, rapist trees, headless corpses, corpseless heads... Oh, it's very professional, rather inventive and very well filmed. The editor and the cinematographer are the real demons here. The best ideas, though, reach outside the simple realms of blood-letting,



and include a laughing nude (there's *always* a nude) dancing with a removable head; a truly cheap pun involving a book, a bucket and a severed hand; and a time-warp tunnel which sends Ash off — at the end — to a bizarre mediaeval predicament. Therefore, what would be the starting-point, or minor twist, in a Terry Gilliam film, Raimi and the boys only get around to in their finale. But they try *bloody* hard and, fortunately, take themselves much less seriously than in *Evil Dead I*. Plus, the continuity mistakes are truly wonderful. "We are the things that were and shall be again!" *Evil Dead III*, anyone? *John Hughes*

NOBODY'S FOOL

● Not exactly my cup of tea, this film, and I'm not sure it's anybody else's either. Rosanna Arquette, one part doe-eyed vulnerability to one part gawky eroticism, plays Cassie, a waitress in a Southern town where you either get married, go mad or devote yourself full-time to eating steak. After breaking up with her boyfriend, Cassie tries a fourth option, suicide, but when that fails she's hard-pressed to find a fifth. Lucky for her, then, that a travelling theatre company is putting on some open-air performances of Shakespeare. Not without theatrical ambitions herself, Cassie goes along and there she meets the lighting man Riley (Eric Roberts), two parts bicep to one part singlet. He's not like other men she's met: he listens to *The Doors* and often doesn't wear a shirt. Not only that but he loves Cassie, can bite the tops off beer bottles and wants her to go to LA with him. Cassie's old flame, meanwhile, is showing an interest in her again and she's doing a speech from *Hamlet* in the local talent contest... You, meanwhile, despite the fact that it's all quite nicely filmed and is unobjectionable by the crass standards of some American imports, will already be crashing through the exit doors in pursuit of the nearest booze, where you can get some serious entertainment playing the fruit machine. *Geoff Dyer*

THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS

● This is the kind of film you watch with your jaw on the floor wondering how anyone could pack so many stupid clichés and so much corn into one bag of celluloid. The result is so unutterably ridiculous that any entertainment value it may have had goes straight out the window. Kansas hillbilly Brantley Foster (Michael J Fox) decides to take his college education to New York and make it big. Since NY streets are hardly paved with jobs — never mind gold — Brantley turns to his long-lost Uncle Howie, who's the big cheese in a multi-million-dollar corporation. He gets a job in the mailroom and somehow manages to infiltrate the system by disguising himself as one of the execs (better known as "suits"). He duly discovers that the company's spiralling down the pan and comes up with a foolproof way to save it. And all this without Uncle Howie suspecting a thing! Brantley also beds his aunt (by mistake, of course), and falls in love with the only female "suit" in the building — a completely unconvincing Helen Slater. She's been having an affair with Uncle Howie (*quelle surprise*) but the minute she falls for squirly Brantley she stops wearing suits and gets into designer jeans and big shirts. In the end bloody Brantley takes over, outbidding Fred Gwynne (who provides the only decent acting throughout), and flies home to Maw and Paw in the company jet. Now you know the whole story. I could add that it's not even very funny, but I don't want to ruin your whole day. *Judy Lipsey*

RAISING ARIZONA

● There can't have been a much harder task than that facing the brothers Joel and Ethan Coen on trying to follow up their widely acclaimed debut, *Blood Simple*. Even more difficult to make it a comedy, and hardest of all to make it a funny one. That they have achieved such a task should bring forth collective cries of relief the length and breadth of the nation and a general feeling that the 'one-hit wonders' tag was as misplaced as it was desperate. *Raising Arizona* finds ex-jailbird and failed compulsive convenience store robber H I McDonnough (Nicholas Cage) and his ex-police booking officer wife trying to fit the last piece into their

marital jigsaw by having themselves a baby. Only problem is, Edwina is infertile and all seams bleak until they learn of the birth of the Arizona quintets, children of the state's most famous unpainted furniture tycoon, Nathan Arizona. Nathan Jnr is kidnapped in the cause of general equality and much humour ensues as the couple try to keep the child in the face of guilt, two convict friends of the family after the reward money, and an apocalyptic Motorcyclist From Hell who makes Brian Blessed look like Charles Hawtrey. It could have degenerated into the sickly moral lunacy that plagues so much of American offbeat cinema today, but the Coen touch combined with great acting, especially from Cage as the gawky misfit with a heart somewhere near the right place, ensures a great deal of style to a story that flashes by and never takes itself too seriously. The dialogue and spoken narrative is a delight, the visual impact pitched with remarkable confidence between the documentary-style unreality of *True Stories* and the fantasy *vérité* of *Blood Simple*. *Paul Mathur*

CHRONICLE OF A DEATH FORETOLD

● Marriage and murder maketh a simple story really, but in the isolated tropical village created by Francesco Rosi they take on a mythical quality. This is a timeless place, where heat hangs heavy, tempers fly high, and simply everyone knows everyone else's business. Then Rupert Everett arrives on the weekly steamboat; he's mysterious, talks in funny pidgin English and is looking for a wife. Gossip is rife. Whilst languishing in the sun he spots Angela (Ornella Muti), a long-haired beauty hanging out caged



birds. "When I wake up, remember to remind me that I will marry her," he remarks to his hotel keeper. It's as easy as that really, especially when the bridge-to-be's family discover this strange, skinny bloke is rolling in money. Based on the novel by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, the strength of this tightly knit, claustrophobic story lies in its fascinating unfolding of narrative. Why does Everett return his wife to her parents? Why do her twin brothers sharpen their knives and glare at extremely good-looking boy-about-town Santiago (Anthony Delon)? The answers emerge gradually as events are seen in retrospect, love and death are eternally caught up in each other, and the whole village is eventually implicated in the tragedy. In spite of Everett's dodgy acting, this is compulsive cinema. *Jane Bartlett*

STREETS OF GOLD

● Complex tale about American outsiders or sentimental action movie? Director Joe Roth doesn't seem too sure. On the one hand it fits

snugly into the sporting buddy mould, the story of two young boxers trying to escape from the Brooklyn backstreets. But it's also about a disillusioned Russian immigrant, a man who after a few weeks in Brooklyn complains that, "In Russia I live like an American; here I live like a Russian." The link is that the Russian is also a boxer, a former national champion who, being Jewish, had long ago been barred from representing his country internationally. Down at heel in the US, Alek works as a dishwasher in a Russian restaurant and spends his spare time wandering round with a vodka bottle, drinking himself silly. Klaus Maria Brandauer (the film's greatest asset) gives the character both pathos and a sort of frayed dignity. Hapless Alek soon comes upon the two ghetto boxers (one black, one white) whom he soon agrees to coach in preparation for a fight against a visiting Russian team. And here, folks, is where it starts to get schmaltzy. The early scenes of *Streets of Gold* are informed by gritty realism and bitter ironies; the later ones give way to *Fame*-style sentiment. Alek's protégés used to hate each other, but become buddies. Alek falls in love with a nice Russian girl who roots for him all the way. And the final fight scenes make *Rocky* seem emotionally restrained. Excellent acting from Brandauer and adequate support from Adrian Pasdar and Wesley Snipes compensate for much of the cliché, but Joe Roth's likeable film is marred by his taste for slush. First to cry gets a prize. *Andy Black*

NOTHING IN COMMON

● Hollywood has displayed a penchant for lightweight, mawkish movies of late, as demonstrated by such films as *Crimes Of The Heart* and *Stand By Me* which both thrive on a simple meshing of comedy and soul-bearing that produce touching if mellow dramas. *Nothing In Common* is an unmistakable advocate of this genre as it probes the father/son axis amid the yuppified, self-obsessed values of the advertising industry. Tom Hanks plays David Basner, a wise-cracking young gun going for it in the competitive Chicago ad world; his father, Max (played by veteran funny-fella Jackie Gleason) is a schmutter trade lag on the way down. The story centres around the sudden separation of David's parents — while Dad wallows in a near retirement rut, post-menopausal Mum (Eva Marie Saint) is out seeking new horizons, thus posing a rather severe dilemma for young David: should he carry on chiselling out a career or divert his attention to the problems of his estranged family? Both comedy and drama are wrung out of this familial crisis, and with its sharp dialogue, intermittent touches of tenderness and pathos, and Hanks' typically madcap brand of humour, *Nothing In Common* has an appeal to reach filmgoers of all ages. This is what David Basner would call full gamut demographics. *Bruce Dessau*

PALTOQUET

● After Michel Deville's last offering, *Death In A French Garden*, comes deadly tedium in a French café; an elegant exercise in pointless ingenuity. Four characters, identified only by their occupations — journalist, professor, doctor and merchant — sit down to play cards on what is clearly a film set. The barman looks on; when he gestures, an orchestra surges momentarily into life. A woman in white approaches and then sidles off to a hammock from which she dangles her long, pale limbs. The detective arrives: a murder has taken place and somehow they are all implicated. Imagine a game of *Cleudó* filmed by Peter Greenaway and you have a good idea of what follows: unveiled suggestions, indecipherable clues, gorgeous lighting, sweeps

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▷ of music and exquisite snatches of dialogue ("It's women like you I love; only there are no women like you and so it's just you I love..."). It all amounts to a film that contrives, spectacularly, to be less than the sum of its parts. The deliberate emptiness of the set cannot but suggest to you the emptiness of conception that lies behind the characters' elaborately orchestrated gestures and the camera's precocious agility. It's a film, in other words, that shoots itself in the foot, for Deville has revealed himself as a true mater of cinematic suspense: sitting in the audience you keep asking yourself *when* is it going to end? Not so much a *who-dun-it?* as a *why-watch-it?* Geoff Dyer

MANNEQUIN

● Welcome to the world of fantasy. A mannequin, made to your own specifications, turns into a beautiful adoring woman when you are alone with her. This happens within the private confines of a huge department store where, by night, you can wear anything, be anything, dress up without paying the price. It is a world of romance, magic, a consumerist's dream. This is the world of Jonathan Switcher. The store is Prince & Co, a traditional firm in decline, where aspiring artist Jonathan has settled in as a stock clerk. Prior to this position, Jonathan has dabbled unsuccessfully in balloon-selling, hedge-cutting and mannequin-making,



and at Prince & Co he comes across Emmy (Kim Cattrall), his prize mannequin, which soon startles him by coming to life. When she isn't lifelessly plastic, Emmy is a spirited, fun-loving time-traveller who has been searching for true love. Former lovers include Christopher Columbus and Michelangelo, but Jonathan — who, it must be said, is a dish — is her choice. With Emmy's help, Jonathan discovers a talent for window-dressing, and his incredible displays soon make him the saviour of the store and the envy of BJ Wert, head of a flashy rival firm. Wert and his cronies, all baddies of the comic variety, do their darndest to sabotage the success of Prince & Co, and a lot of very funny incidents are intended to arise from their efforts. Unfortunately, Michael Gottlieb's script and direction are short on inspiration and the film's minor characters are lumbered with some blushingly bad jokes. McCarthy and Cattrall are luckily spared this embarrassment, thereby managing to provide the film's rare moments of charm, but *Mannequin* is a fairytale that couldn't end too soon. Andy Black

TAKE IT EASY

● For someone who never quite perfected the handstand, *Take It Easy*, about the wonderful world of competitive gymnastics, is an arduous exercise. It centres around incredible bulk Steve, who used to be a 'big deal' in the gym circuit

until problems with his dad made him give it up. But when svelte gymnast Julie jets into town with her make-up bag and leotard, he soon starts pole-vaulting again. The two get physical and we're taken through their paces, learning along the way about the agony and the ecstasy of making it to the top. Shot in glowing Olympic golden colours, this runs like a two-hour Nike advert, and in fact there seems to be quite a lot of sponsorship on display, sports goods being

neatly placed within frame to advantageous effect (it's the only film I've seen recently where the stars are upstaged by a pair of trainers). It's also a promo for the sport... yes, you too can be hard, fast and beautiful if you practise your lip-glossed smiles and glycerine-teared grimaces on the parallel bars. But worst of all is its patriotic fervour. As Steve strives for reconciliation with his estranged dad, and Julie with her Svengali coach, we know that they are exhibiting the sort

of stamina that today's kids of America should strive for. When they reach for their toes, they're reaching for the stars and stripes. And so it comes as no surprise that the title for the film in the US is *American Anthem*, being the homily to the country's muscle power that it is. My sporting tip: stay at home and watch Jane Fonda's workout from your armchair — it's a lot more fun and far less offensive than this. Honest. Lizzie Francke

ON RELEASE

A BRIEF GUIDE TO SOME OF THE FILMS CURRENTLY DOING THE ROUNDS

RECOMMENDED

● **Betty Blue.** Eroticism, desperation and quite a few laffs along the way. Jean-Jacques Beineix's follow-up to the divine Diva and the daffy Moon In The Gutter stars newcomer Beatrice Dalle, who has captured the heart of at least one film reviewer in these parts.

● **84 Charing Cross Road.** Touching story of the twenty-year transatlantic relationship that develops between a New York bibliophile and an employee of London's Marks & Co. bookstore. Intelligent, humorous and moving, thanks to engaging performances by Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins.

● **The Green Ray.** The fifth in Eric Rohmer's series of 'Comedies and Proverbs'. The green ray supposedly bestows the power to understand one's own feelings. Warm and funny, this is the kind of film at which the French excel.

● **The Mosquito Coast.** A considerable change of role for Harrison Ford, here playing Paul Theroux's idealistic inventor who drags his family into the heart of the South American jungle in an attempt to bring ice to the natives, and proceeds to degenerate into the ultimate villain. Helen Mirren is excellent as his long-suffering wife, but it's very much Ford's movie.

● **Personal Services.** Finally on release after a lengthy delay while the case of Madam Cyn was subjudice. Even so, it's not a biography — more a sort of homage to the Luncheon Voucher Madame. Julie Walters' performance is outstanding.

● **Platoon.** Although Oliver Stone's Vietnam film avoids any ideological comment other than generalised sentiment, it remains an honest and moving spectacle. For once, a worthy Oscar-winner.

● **Salvador.** An excellent, mostly true story of journalists under fire in El Salvador, and one of the few American films of recent years to openly condemn US foreign policy in South America. By turns amusing, poignant and breathlessly exciting.

● **She's Gotta Have It.** This all-black feature debut by Spike Lee is often hilarious as the passionate Nola is given hell by her three boyfriends for not being a one-man woman. Male stereotypes and the age-old subject of role reversal are given a thrashing in a series of black-and-white vignettes, all accompanied by a wonderful jazz score. Not to be missed.

THE REST

● **Almost You.** Another of the burgeoning sackful of yuppie movies about getting together, breaking up and all the accompanying rock music that entails. Griffin Dunne takes the lead role.

● **Best Shot.** Sentimental tear-jerker set in the Fifties with Gene Hackman as an eccentric basketball coach who whips the local high-school team into shape. The kind of cliché-ridden exercise in nostalgia indigenous to American cinema today.

● **Blue Velvet.** David Lynch produces the usual visual pyrotechnics for this overrated succès de scandale. Ultimately banal.

● **Castaway.** Lucy Irvine's bestseller is Nic Roeg's most

straightforward film thus far, with Oliver Reed and BLITZ covergirl Amanda Donohoe turning in fine performances as the desert-island odd couple.

● **Children Of A Lesser God.** The film of the stage hit of a couple of years back. William Hurt is the unorthodox teacher at a deaf school, puzzled by a shy and reclusive former student who refuses to learn to speak — an Oscar-winning performance by Marlee Matlin.

● **Come And See.** Russian director Elem Klimov's moving depiction of the Nazi invasion of Russia in 1943, as seen through the eyes of a young soldier.

● **Crimes Of The Heart.** Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange and Sissy Spacek battle for the limelight in Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning play as

three reunited sisters trying to make sense of themselves and their gloomy past. An occasionally entertaining, morbid comedy.

● **Death Of A Soldier.** A pallid account of a WWII American soldier in Australia sentenced to death for murder by a US military tribunal. Clinical and uninspired.

● **Desert Bloom.** Eugene Carr mixes Fifties kitsch & sink drama and historical irony in this compelling story of a Nevada family going to pieces in the face of the approaching atomic age. Jon Voight and Ellen Barkin head the cast.

● **Empire State.** Rent-boys, designer drugs, nightclubs, gentrification, murder, thugs, journalists, boxers, lonely hearts, moguls, a boy from the North — all this and more in the same film. The connection between them, however, will forever remain a mystery...

● **Farewell.** An extremely dull film by Elem Klimov about the construction of a hydroelectric dam in Siberia and the social upheaval this entails. Spot the symbolism and win a banana.

● **Foreign Body.** Victor Banerjee makes a quantum leap from his performance in *A Passage To India* to his role here as a doctor caught up in what amounts to a substandard Brian Rix farce. Avoid at all costs.

● **The Fourth Protocol.** Glossy adaptation of the Frederick Forsythe espionage thriller with ex-paratrooper Michael Caine merely a shadow of his Harry Palmer incarnation as he sets out to foil undercover Soviet plot. Numbingly predictable.

● **Half Moon Street.** Caine again, in yet another novel adaptation. Paul Theroux's sordid tale of hookers, spies, hoodlums and politicians fares badly here with a weak performance by Sigourney Weaver and a useless script.

● **Haunted Honeymoon.** A rather silly and self-indulgent mess from writer/director/star Gene Wilder, in which he tries to spoof the horror-movie genre. Final proof that he's no Mel Brooks.

● **Heat.** Burt Reynolds as a freelance bodyguard in Las Vegas with money problems. Powerful and poignant if not profound.

● **High Season.** Farcical thriller set on the Greek island of

Rhodes. Jacqueline Bisset and James Fox do little to enhance their reputations.

● **House II.** Subtitled 'The Second Story' and inferior in every way to its predecessor.

● **Jumpin' Jack Flash.** Whoopi Goldberg in a star vehicle which fails to get off the ground. Something to do with computers. Not very funny.

● **Little Shop Of Horrors.** A somewhat overrated film version of the musical about a carnivorous plant with a voracious appetite and a mellifluous voice (courtesy Levi Stubbs). Steve Martin's dentist cameo is a rare shining moment.

● **The Morning After.** Jane Fonda as an alcoholic but callisthenics-conscious ex-actress who awakens one morning next to a dead stranger. A doe-eyed Jeff Bridges stands by as redneck ex-cop/love interest. The outcome: a whodunnit devoid of suspense and another excuse for Jane to don that leotard.

● **My Life As A Dog.** Not, in fact, a collar and lead S&M fantasy, but a Swedish film about a 12-year-old boy growing up during the Fifties. Leisurely and full of charm.

● **The Name Of The Rose.** A difficult book to tackle, but director Jean-Jacques Annaud steers clear of the wealth of historical detail contained in Eco's novel and delivers an efficient and involving mediaeval whodunnit. Connery, as always, is a joy to watch, and the photography is often quite breathtaking.

● **No Mercy.** Richard Gere adds yet another loser to the string of forgettable Richard Gere films. Kim Basinger simmers beside him as only Kim Basinger can.

● **Prick Up Your Ears.** The Orton biopic has its credentials in the right places — direction by Stephen Frears, screenplay by Alan Bennett, Gary Oldman in the lead role — so it's a shame that the end result is such a disappointment. Julie Walters' five minutes are hilarious. Oldman takes his trousers off a lot. That's about it.

● **Space Camp.** What seemingly promises to be the most unpleasant experience imaginable — two weeks in space with five American teenagers — turns out to be a surprisingly intelligent adventure yarn, thanks to a snappy script and a likeable cast. Obvious but engaging.

● **Stand By Me.** A gently observed study of four 12-year-old boys' rites of passage as remembered by one of them later in life. If you're big on mawkish nostalgia, you'll probably be big on this one.

● **Star Trek IV.** 'The Voyage Home' finds the, um, veteran crew of the Starship Enterprise in present-day San Francisco saving whales. A lot better than it sounds.

● **Tenue De Soirée.** Big Gerry Depardieu not only displays his massive girth (amongst other things) but also puts on a frock in this story of a homosexual seducer. The first scene is quite brilliant, but sadly the standard tails off something rotten towards the end.

● **That's Life!** Gloss and nepotism abound in Blake Edwards' examination of midlife crisis. Jack Lemmon reprises his role of gibbering neurotic for the umpteenth time, wife Julie Andrews plays his saintly spouse, and a host of real-life offspring and friends make appearances. Life's too short, etc.

● **Three Amigos!** Chevy Chase, Steve Martin and Martin Short as three hapless heroes of the silent screen unwittingly cast into their roles in real life. Director John Landis captures the zany humour of an innocent era gone by.

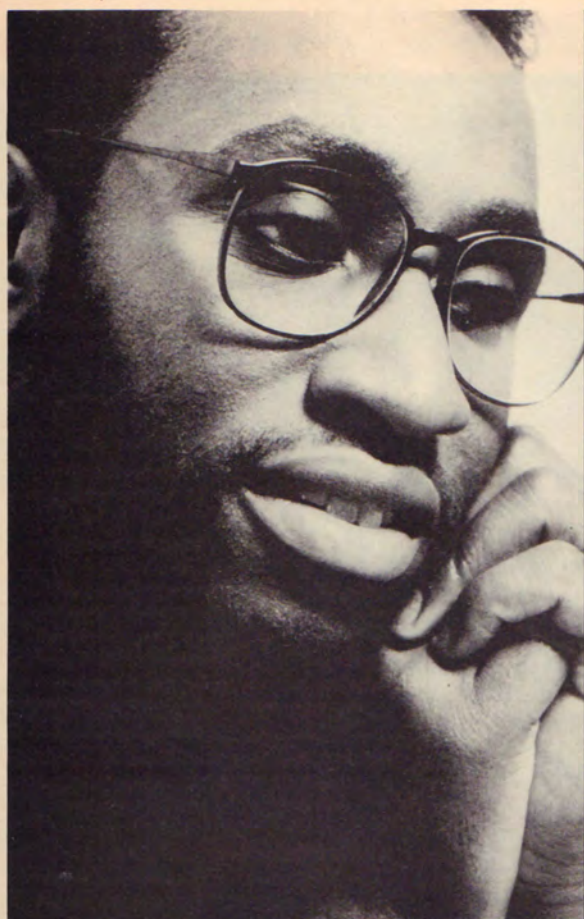
● **Three Men And A Cradle.** An award-winning French comedy about three bachelors who find themselves left literally holding baby. Somewhat predictable.

● **Tough Guys.** Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster as two train robbers released from jail after thirty years. An occasional laugh and plenty of nostalgia do not a blockbuster make.

● **The Whistle Blower.** An excellent British cast — including Nigel Havers, John Gielgud, James Fox and the ubiquitous Michael Caine — combined with a suitably labyrinthine plot, prove to be successful ingredients for this suspenseful intelligence spy yarn.

● **Wisdom.** At 23, Emilio Estevez has apparently become the youngest person ever to write, direct and star in a major motion picture. Sadly, it shows.

● **Working Girls.** Lizzie Borden's film about New York prostitutes at work and play equates a night at the brothel with a hard day at the office. Warm, funny and occasionally abrasive.



**PAUL
JOHNSON**

(Pj)

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*Jonh Wilde meets Southern
songstress VICTORIA WILLIAMS,
whose debut album has just been
released.*

Slightly scatterbrained and not quite completely batty, Victoria Williams talks in a dressing room at London's Palladium where a wrinkled, shrivelled photo of Liberace grimaces from the notice board. Victoria has just performed her suitcase of songs for the first time in Britain and, as we open our jabber, Randy Newman moans *I Love LA* from a distant stage. London hasn't quite worked out how to take this girl and she senses the unease that met her out there. She lies prostrate on a table above my head which strikes me as a minor peculiarity at least. "When people come to my house, I sometimes lift out the guitar and play songs for them," she says. "That's the kind of feeling I want to have onstage, something warm and intimate."

London's vague sense of unease hangs around this voice, one particularly arbitrary instrument with a rich, irregular Louisiana twang, something which might strike you as rather freakish until you learn to love it. Critics have been grumbling and grousing in their vain attempts to trap it in the butterfly nets. Bush, Fraser, Joni, Rickie, Denny, Buffy have been thrown about in desperation without getting any closer. Victoria herself seems fairly bemused by it.

"What's it like? Piercing? Insinuating? Unlistenable? It's hard for me to say if it seems strange because it's always been like that. It's essentially the same as my speaking voice but, when I'm singing, I go up in a higher register and you get this uncontrollable vibrato. One doctor told me that my tonsils were scalloped and hold more to one side instead of hanging down. That probably causes what people hear as a warped quality. If they love it or hate it, that would be fine. They have to feel *something* about it surely."

Born in Forbing, Louisiana, Williams learned to play piano, guitar and mandolin at an early age. By the time she was 14, she was writing her own songs. Before music became a full-time pursuit, she worked in a kitchen and a laundry, as a roofer, a tiler, a painter and book-keeper's assistant. Eventually getting a demo tape together, it secured her a tour with Johnathan Richman. From there, she met up with husband Peter Case and, together, they made up The Incredibly Strung Out Group. Victoria was spotted by Rough Trade supremo Geoff Travis who encouraged her to record a song with T-Bone Burnett. Geffen in America heard the tape and signed her. The result of all this is an album, *Victoria Williams*, released this month — thirteen stories through the flaring imagination of Williams, songs that glisten with that unmistakable Southernness, that meander off the tracks with a childlike glee, all of them made especially edgy with her suspenseful vocal style and mercurial charm.

"Most of them are straightforward observations and are fairly placeless, not necessarily Southern in origin. Just everyday things. In *Happy*, I'd heard this woman screaming the word 'happy' down the street and I thought she was uncontrollably joyous, just belting out her feelings. It turned out she was calling her dog, who was called Happy. To me, it showed how everything is there and it's not there. You just see signs and often that's all you see. The songs should tell you something about a place and what happened there. They might be telling you something on one level but, at the same time, tell you something else on an entirely different level. Some are written just like stories and others are more like streams of consciousness, simply pouring out of you."

Williams has no place in Eighties folk either, too dishevelled and unbalanced for any of that. She's more Syd Barrett than Suzanne Vega, hardly another scalp for the brown corduroy brigade, humming *All Around My Hat* at the barbecue. Though a small proportion of her repertoire hints at the picturesque studies of an early Joni Mitchell, much of it has a very different kind of resonance. Nothing really sounds quite like Victoria Williams.

"Sure, the word folk will get thrown about," she acknowledges, "but I don't see it like that at all. I don't see myself as that traditional although I know a lot of trad stuff. I was brought up on Leadbelly and Howling Wolf, things like that. I don't think so much of the style as the story and what sound will bring the story out. I don't think of myself as mercurial although people say that about me. When you do so many different kinds of songs, it's bound to come out like that. I don't know if people learn anything about me from the music apart from a few clues. I'm more interested in getting the points across." ●



There's some rum old noises twitching 'neath the plastic on *Insect Culture*, a new LP on Ark Records by Leningrad's leading underground group, **POPULAR MECHANICS**. At various points, I thought my roof was leaking, my walls were shaking, my plumbing bursting and that next door neighbours were involved in some noisy, unshapely coupling involving kitchen utensils and lawn-mowers. That was just in the first minute.

Led by 33-year-old Sergei Kuriokhin, Mechanics includes, in its fullest form, five rock groups, a folklore group, several well-known jazz soloists, an electronic sound group, an industrial section, a group of physicists who create effects, a theatrical cast and a string chamber orchestra. Phew! Frowned on by the authorities back home, the group can only organise concerts when they succeed in persuading someone to provide them with a venue, though I imagine the biggest difficulty would be finding a building that could fit all the buggers in at any one time.

On a crackly phone-link, Kuriokhin tells me that he'd like to develop this to the point where it included not only music, but absolutely everything that goes on in the world.

"From space rockets to God knows what! I want people to come to our concerts to sit open-mouthed without understanding what's going on, around, where, who or what they are. We're now experimenting a great deal with physics, chemistry and zoology. I've always liked the idea that Caligula made a horse a senator. It's a complete repudiation of the structure of reality. So I can't help thinking, if Caligula made a horse a senator, why can't I bring pigs on stage?"

Why not indeed? Describing his influences as a random grab-bag of classical, Indian, Spanish, jazz, European avant-garde, traditional Soviet folk, operatic, electronic and rock, Kuriokhin says that their performances will naturally depend on their mood that particular day. "It's never too planned out," he explains, "and we tend to do one thing at the rehearsal and something completely different at the actual concert. I find that what I like best changes very quickly. What I like today may be different from what I like in half an hour."

Ark, home of 1985's extraordinary *Dada For Now* collection, see *Popular Mechanics* as contemporary inheritors of the Dada spirit. Eclectic or what? Not to be played when you're pouring the gravy. Contact Ark at PO Box 45, Liverpool L69 2LE. JW

AFTER TONITE, the Coventry b-boys sired by ex-Special Lynval Golding, fly off to Japan this month as part of fashion company Mishiko's plan to transport a London club to Tokyo.

They promise to have every brick back in place in time for some celebratory shindig at the beginning of July. That's a complete fib actually. The club won't be budging an inch but Soho DJs Baz for jazz and The Rhythm Doctor will be heading towards The Land Of The Rising Sun along with selected dancers and bouncers. After Tonite will be performing live for national television and showing off Mishiko's rather dapper gear.

The company explain that their aim is to capture the spirit of London clubland, to give the Japanese a completely accurate picture of what goes on after the clock strikes midnight in our capital. The band, who promise a guitar-accentuated edge to their already crowded broth of funk/soul/reggae, follow up last year's *Time For A Change* single with a new live EP at the end of July. JW



The post-Sputnik generation looks frantically wary and extremely vigilant, careful not to make such a pig's ear of it so quickly this time. I mean! Sputnik? Crap in my pants, it was too much revolution at once, baby.

TRANSVISION VAMP pay lip service to Suicide, *Bladerunner*, Terminator and technology but stress that, this time, it will be different. A familiar ring?

"We're more interested in being the modern version of *Blondie*," they declare, which is an admirable start. "Sputnik's biggest mistake was the media hype at the very beginning, forcing it upon everyone so



quickly. They made out they were mugging EMI and mugging the general public. Kids don't want to be told that, don't want to feel they're idiots for buying it. While they were happening in the media, we were just starting, watching them make their mistakes and waiting..."

The first single, *Revolution Baby*, neatly timed to coincide with post-Election paranoia, tramples across Bolan's grave humming a melody of his greatest toons. Pasting together the most alluring T Rex moments in one Winfield Economy Scrapbook, Vamp show that they're not above half-inching an idea or three minutes to make their point.

Guitarist Nick Sawyer and vocalist Wendy James form the basis of Vamp, a bit of an idea that had been growing layers for eighteen months now. Grabbed and nurtured by MCA Records, their opportunism and bare-faced cheek might count for something against all the yob bollocks that prances around the chart right now. What Vamp lack in originality, they make up for with shoplifting. Fair enough I say, what with the price of things these days. Even if you loathe the sub-1974 numbness of all this, you're likely to trip over the flippancy of the idea or the sheer tackiness of this venture. To me, tackiness is my next breath. In Wendy, we find a post-Kensit, post-Smith bimbo that wants to say something. Hardly revolutionary but quite a novelty in today's climate. Vamp hardly talk about their 1990's pop futurism, their hijacking of technology, their utilisation of the film medium, or anything else for that matter. They just mention those things and, hey, isn't that just gorgeous?

"I don't think my sexuality can possibly be misunderstood," Wendy stresses. "I should think that quite a few people will find me attractive. Maybe loads will find me ugly. I don't care. I'm certainly not going to hang around the paparazzi at the Limelight Star Bar with my legs wrapped around the cameras."

Lust is what's left in the bottom of the bowl when the flush don't work. That's the fifth rule of pop. Didn't you know? Whereyabin? /W

ALBUM REVIEWS

MARK CORDERY

INVESTIGATES THE NEW RELEASES

"O ooh what a beautiful morning. Ooh what a beautiful ass." A fair start to the day, no? Yep, another trip through the Paisley Park. With one **Jill Jones** this time. Her LP, *Jill Jones* (Paisley Park), has many of the characteristics we have come to associate with that strangely sane land. Wit and sex, in the main, sometimes camp and sometimes better, a rhythm section (which is the whole thing at times) that you can't quite put your finger on (just what is that noise exactly?) and the most cunning arrangements this side of James Brown or Duke Ellington. Prince writes or co-writes half the material here — *G-Spot*, *All Day, All Night, For Love* ("I would suffer kisses from another if that was what really turned you on"), you know the kind of thing. You may think you have enough of it already, though the Princely appetite shows no signs of satiety. And what of Jill Jones? She sings well and breathes beautifully. Sometimes she reminds me of Teena Marie. I'm not complaining.

David Z, who co-produced half the Jill Jones record, figures similarly in the **Jody Watley** (MCA) one. Jody Watley, you may remember, used to be in Shalamar, and while she wasn't the most prominent component in such terrific works as *There It Is* and *Night To Remember*, they probably wouldn't have sounded quite so good without her. And I'm sure that's also true of this record. While it's also the case that it could as easily have been sung by Madonna (and if it had been it would certainly have had the edge over *True Blue*), and you could slip *Looking For A New Love* into Janet Jackson's *Control* without noticing the join, this is still state-of-the-art funk of the first order.

At least some of the credit for this must go to another Prince associate, Andre Cymone. In addition to co-production he is, on the best tracks, 'The Band'. I am at one with Ms Watley as she gushes, in her 'Special Thanks To' list: "Andre, so much talent, what can't you do?" I wouldn't care to hazard a guess, but what he can do is make his drum, bass and synth programmes sound like the grooviest band since — oh, I don't know, the Muscle Shoals houseband, or any other combo beloved of those who think there is no substitute for spontaneity. I must say, in case I was a little unfair to her earlier, that amidst all this funky mathematics Watley at no time sounds like the weak link, and the chain includes former Chic bassist Bernard Edwards, so she's certainly tough enough. It says a lot, I think, that such purposefully public music — hear it in a bar, convertible car or club for maximum enjoyment — sounds just fine in private.

I Missed out *Pleased To Meet Me* (WEA) by **The Replacements** last month, but it's too good to miss, so I'll plug it now. It's brilliant! Buy it! What is it? Why, it's good ole rock'n'roll, I guess.

Guitars, lots of 'em, bass, drums, LOUD, brash, delirious, driven. They should be touring this country about now, in which case I'll recommend them as *A Good Night Out*, although I've heard they can be terrible. I can believe it. Parts of this LP are almost terrible. But not quite. You can hear how, in lesser hands, the strop *I Don't Know*, the paranoid swing of *Nightclub Jitters*, the suicide note of *The Ledge*, and even the glorious, big beat melodicism of *Alex Chilton* could turn into a deathly mess. The Replacements often sound like they are diving towards chaos, but they just manage to turn their noses up in time. Invigorating stuff.

Over the course of several LPs, during which they have switched, against the usual flow of traffic, from major to independent label, the Australian **Go-Betweens** have fashioned a distinctive sound for themselves. The strings and woodwinds that give *Tallulah* (Beggars Banquet) its characteristic flavour are as integral to the sound as the guitars or the drums. It doesn't sound, as it might elsewhere, like *A Rock Band* with other stuff bolted-on. Their lyrics, which you always feel are about some personal relationship kind of thing, even when disguised as something else, draw ever finer lines between love and despair.

Although it's his first LP, Liverpoolian **Thomas Lang's** *Scallywag Jaz* (Epic) arrives heavily glossed with intimations of maturity. Almost as if the company had given up waiting for a new Sade LP. Jazzy gestures abound in a nightpop sound that leans heavily on a cool-sounding soprano saxophone and an agreeably harsh piano. The songs themselves rely heavily on carefully sculpted layers, artfully teased surfaces, more than the strong body of a tune. There are deft lyrical touches, notably on *Boys Prefer*, enough to fairly call it 'A promising debut', though I feel in less high velocity times we wouldn't hear so much of Thomas Lang for a year or two, by which time he would probably have collected some more memorable material.

During the eye-twinkling sexual dramas of Jill Jones's *Violet Blue* I was reminded of the buzz I used to get (and still do sometimes) from the Savannah Band records. After Kid Creole & The Coconuts' *Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places*



I travelled in search of **August Darnell's** earlier works, and was rewarded with the kind of gems that pop music polishes up maybe once or twice in a generation. The Kid has a new LP out and it's clear, as he is the first to disarmingly admit, things are not as they were: "The fact is I'm not as bold as I used to be... pity me!" A touch ingenious, no doubt, but truthfully, *I Too Have Seen The Woods* (WEA), while not terrible by any standards, isn't very inspiring. At least

some of the trouble seems to be that the Latin (jazz) lover is not entirely at ease with his drum machines. The programmes plod, unsympathetically. Though it's a little too solemnly dramatic for my taste, *Eau de Lune* (WEA) by Ruben Blades is a slicker synthesis of musica Americana.

But better either of these gentlemen than **Neil Young**. If the uncertain, unwelcome mellowing of middle-age is giving The Kid some grief it's as nothing compared to the menopausal madness with which Young is afflicted on *Life* (WEA). Songs like *Mideast Vacation* and *Long Walk Home*, with their 1812 Overture-style sound effects, their Gadaffi references and their messy soul-scratching constitute quite the most embarrassing and unnecessary babble I've switched off since this afternoon's TV. And I speak as a fan.

George Jones is driven by more engaging devils. Perfidious women and reliable whisky, mainly. *Strangers, Lovers & Friends* (Epic) compiles some highlights from one of the greatest of all country voices. Not enough, though, really, to make it worth buying. Not when you can always pick up a 20 Greatest or somesuch at a budget price. Get one with *He Stopped Lovin' Her Today* on it. *Who's Gonna Fill Their Shoes*, asks the great man, from a time when he and his generation stood like colossi above the country field, bemoaning the young seeds' preference for the rocky sound. Step forward **Randy Travis**, said Nashville (eventually). Much obliged, said Randy. Prematurely aged though it is, and inferior to the debut, *Always & Forever* (WEA) has its moments, notably when Travis himself has a hand in the writing, on *I Told You So*, and the incredible nerve of the no-holds-barred, don't-know-whether-to-laugh-or-cry pathos of *Good Intentions*, a lament directed to the singer's dead Mama, whose passing he missed on account of being in jail at the time. On Christmas Day. Oh boy.

After such shamelessness a camphor dab of cynicism in the form of *The Best Of Randy Newman* (WEA) comes as a soothing balm. Newman writes characters, and he can't be blamed if the terrain is peopled by rednecks ("We're rednecks, we don't know our ass from a hole in the ground"). Political scientists ("Let's drop the big one now") and useless celebrities ("My life is good"). Horror and humour are frequently indivisible in these enduring tunes, mostly characterised by a deeply human ambivalence.

Though nowhere near this kind of class, Robert Smith is a fair writer, and blow me over with a can of hairspray if it isn't **The Cure's** 10th anniversary. They celebrate with a double-album of a new material which should please anyone who liked anything from the phased-guitar despair of *Pornography* to the sparky pop of *Love Cats*. At various times they sound like a little bit of The Cure at any one time in their history, and sometimes even a bit of their future, when their drum sound will still be as reassuringly archaic as it is on *Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me* (Polydor). ●

DANCE FLOOR

CAROLINE HOUGHTON
CHECKS OUT SOME NEW RELEASES

Magnificent sultry jack track from **ESP**, *It's You* (Underground) is overtaking **Mr Fingers' Can You Feel It** (Trax) as the most seductive, all-engulfing house release, with its simple, unassuming basic beat and unaffected breathy vocals. The much-revered *Set It Off* (remix) by **Straffe** (Jus Born) appears again — Straffe's superior raunchy version is released in a bewitching remix by **Kenny Carpenter**, livelier and lusher than before, losing its zanier elements. *Set It On* by the **A&B Band** is an unusual technopop vocodered version of said classic — Jean Micheal Jarre meets Harlequin Force with early Moroder and Kraftwerk influence, resulting in a trippy fainground version. Straffe also have a current release in the form of *Outlaw* (US A&M), a blistering dance track in inimitable Straffe style. **Kinkina's Jungle Fever** (Champion) has been out for a while yet appears to be a slow taker — a modern-day *J'Time*, this horny funk track is far too gorgeous to be ignored, particularly the 'Scratch Fever' version with its immaculate rhythmical scratching executed by Streets Ahead. Severest and deadliest Chicago sound of the moment must be the **Jackin National Anthem's Ramos** (Hot Mix) — mellow jack beat, frenetic disco yelps and Latin phrases over neat succinct vocals. **Duane and Co's Hardcore** (On The One) (Dance Mania records) is fabulous James Brown house/funk fusion; in a similar vein, **Rock The House** (Parts 1&2), produced and arranged by **Mr K** with a mix by **Special G** (TD Records Inc), again has James Brown intro and funk rhythm track integrated with dance classic snippets such as "Set it off", "Do it to the music", "Rock the house, y'all", etc. **War's Low Rider** (remix) (LAX) reissues urbanises the excellent Seventies' *The Walk* by **MTR** (Underworld) in a pulsating house, spacey Eurosynth crossover with commanding vocal, issued as club/Euro A-side with mega club/house version on flip. After her superlative *IMNXIC*, **Denise Motto's** follow-up *Tell Jack* (Playhouse Records) lives up to expectation — a similarly hypnotic beat with sumptuous, self-assured sultry vocal. Rhythm King have released **Rob Olson's Chicago Jackbeat, Vol.2**, featuring **Denise Motto** and **Duane and Co.**; also, the excellent remixed *Ride The Rhythm* by **Kevin Irving**, featuring Marshall Jefferson and Frankie Knuckles and tracks from **Matt Warren**, *Bang The Box*, **MG's My House Is Bigger Than Your House** and **Byron Stingily** (again Marshall Jefferson) with *I Can't Stay Away*. **Hotline's Rock This House** (Rhythm King) has a charming, understated, breezy club sound that has already received much pre-release recognition. Finally from Rhythm King for Taffy lovers everywhere comes **Vince Lawrence's** Chicago house mix of *I Love My Radio*, the B-side of which is the ultimate remix of this popular mega track. Attention must be drawn to the eerie fragmented US 'passionate dub' remix of **Debbie Harry's In Love With Love** (Geffen), an erratic mix by **Justin Strauss** and **Murray Elias** that far surpasses anything we have heard before from Debs. Greyhound, who have been quiet recently apart from sneaking into the dance charts with **Fancy's** refreshing Euro-pop *Slice Me Nice*, have a current release with **Modern Rocketry's Cuba Libre** follow-up, *I Feel Love Coming*, a simple, strong bass beat with Stacey Q vocal; the B-side houses an interesting version of **Roxy's Love Is The Drug**. **Mon Amour** by **Deblanc** (Italian Records) has a sequenced rhythm with solo fiddle breaks producing a yearning disco love song. Already a hit in Eurobeat circles is **Fiumi Di Parole** by **Matia Bazar** (Blow Up). B-side of *Ti Sento*, with its evocative soundtrack feel and vocals by the Italian ex-diva. **Lili and Sussie's Candy Love** (Sonet) is as seductive as **Rose Laurens' American Love** with its tinkling piano, lush breathy vocals, hypnotic thudding beat and Abba-ish phraseology. New from **Den Harrow**, *Don't Break My Heart* (Baby Records) is another yearning intro into fading vocal fantasy. **Lian Ross's** version of **Sylvester's Do You Wanna Funk** (Chic) is a mega disco funk classic with Lian's hoarse vocals maintaining the raw feel of the original. *Jet Airliner* by **Modern Talking** (Hansa) is a typical Modern Talking track with FGTH intro into boppy Ronnie-type vocal. **The Twins' Time Will Tell** (import CBS) is galloping Ennio Morricone spaghetti western/Depeche Mode disco; and **Valerie Dore** enters an enchanting mediaeval period with *King Arthur* — a hypnotic, electronic Judie Tzuke. ●

Maracas In Caracas



Singapore-born Jessica Griffin hates most pop music because it's too vulgar and it takes everything too literally. She's happy working in the city at the Chase Manhattan Bank. Sometimes she models. Michael Alway of el Records spotted her in Harpers & Queen, imagined her as Rita Hayworth in *Lady Of Shanghai*, rang her up and asked her to make a record for his salubrious organisation. *Hanging Gardens Of Reigate* is subsequently the first release from **would be goods** and, incidentally, the first ever pop song about commuting.

"Totally satirical," Jessica tells me. "Because my approach to everything has to be satirical in some sense. I wanted a record that would be Ronald Fairbank and Saki, a good deal of playfulness and the approach of leaving things unsaid. There's no chance that people will take it too seriously. I also wanted elements of the old Bounty television commercials, *Dante's Inferno*, Eddie Cochran, Marc Bolan, and *Leader Of The Pack*."

The profound hoodwinker Alway explains that Jessica is the first of his 'people who've never thought of making records' series. At present, he is locked away in a castle near Southend with a copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets and the latest Littlewoods/Kay/Grattan mail-order catalogues, searching for his next face. *Hanging Gardens*, penned by el's own Pied Piper, Simon Turner, is an admirable example to its own sex. Meanwhile, el are looking anxiously for their Margaret Halstan in *The Black Sheep Of Whitehall* and their Jack Smethurst in *Love Thy Neighbour*. Applicants to el Records, 53 Kensington Gardens Square, London W2 4BA JW



This fellow Muff, one half of the estimable **BOBBY'S BOYS**, shapes up as a great pop vagabond in the making: all bluff, blarney and bulge. You've just met him three minutes ago and he's off, boasting about the size of his wedding-tackle and whipping a macroscopic rubber penis out of a chest of drawers. "I stick this out of my sock and walk through the fruit'n'veg stalls at Hackney Market on the weekend," he chuckles. "Don't half scare the shit out of the old biddies!"

Their *Bobby Can't Dance* single finally gets a major release this month through Oval/Warner's, eighteen months since its conception, twelve months since its appearance on the just-about-to-crumble Making Waves, six months since a troublesome series of legal wrangles.

Self-confessed De Niro nut Muff originally teamed up with instrumentalist BC Beal with the intention of conveying the great man's various guises through an obstreperous dance groove and cut-ups from the movies themselves. Getting the go-ahead from Scorsese, they faced the apathy of British record companies before a gallant Charlie Gillett fell for a crude 8-track demo and lent a hand. Even when the record finally appeared, they managed to find themselves halfway up the gum-tree.

"We'd done this spoof interview with a British paper," Muff recalls, "where I pretended to be this character chasing Scorsese around New York persuading him to hand over all the film rights to all the De Niro movies. Anyway, the New York Post got hold of the article and printed it. All the film companies were ringing Scorsese saying, 'What are you doing giving away the rights to films you don't even own?' It was getting really hairy so I wrote off to Martin explaining the whole thing was a joke and he finally gave it his blessing."

Scorsese's note is pinned to Muff's bedroom wall, beneath the inevitable *King Of Comedy* poster. It ends: 'The New York Post sucks! Good Luck with Bobby'.

Though Warner's are now limbering up to push the single in the clubs, Muff hopes that it might reach that magical crossover point and barge rowdily into chartland, hoping "that the Steve Wrights of the world will pick up on the novelty of it. Not that we want it to be treated as a novelty but there might be little we can do about it. The idea of it is more serious than that. I've tried to make a story out of all the phrases we gathered together, not a literal story, but one that might stick in people's heads so they could form their own story within that broad framework."

Muff hopes that, this time, fate will be kind, and just for once, tip the scales his way. His previous venture, *Fresh*, suffered when Elektra UK fell apart in 1985, leaving their anticipated single well fucked and far from home. In between Bobby's Boys ventures, both he and Beal plan solo excursions, a few random, idiosyncratic sideshows. "Prepare to be sandblasted," they warn. JW

EDWYN COLLINS seems to take me by surprise. Reclined on the carpet of his NWIO living-room, the man who re-invented the jangle at the start of the decade just can't leave it alone. Edwyn can't stop picking his nose. I'd imagined a more fastidious manner somehow. At one point, his partner Grace tells him to cut it out. "Is it OK to pick my nose actually?" he retorts. "It's just these hairs here; they really irritate me." I recommend a small scissors, wonder about the two-year hiatus since *The Orange Juice*, the final paragraph in their erratic fairytale, and think aloud what an odd time to welcome Collins back.

"These are different times now," he acknowledges. "Orange Juice started off in that post-punk period and our contemporaries were people like Bunnymen, Teardrops and Gang Of Four. In many ways, I can see why people were excited by bands like us, the way we came along after that second wave of punk, all those shit groups like UK Subs and Angelic Upstarts. We were at least as exciting as a band like The Buzzcocks when they started. We came along when

there was all that ideas-rock. People like Heaven 17 would come along and say that they were rock'n'roll businessmen and people would buy the records 'cus they loved the idea. There's no ideas anymore. It's over. Ideas-rock seems stupid now, though people like Age Of Chance are still trying it with old ABC and Fire Engines ideas. In the early Eighties, nobody was just getting on with it and there was always some great idea behind the music. Now, I'm faced with getting on with it. Ideas-rock doesn't resonate like it used to and you can spot it too easily when bands try it."

What Collins is limbering up to get on with is a new creation single, *Don't Shilly Shally*, a sharp reminder of how forcible and persuasive his pep can be when he gets it together. Helped out by old muckers Dennis Bovell and Malcolm Ross, he's managed a fair gasp of a comeback and, surprisingly, not on a major footing.

"The thing is that I still want as much autonomy as I had when I was with Postcard and, for this reason, I'm perceived by many as being slightly perverse. No major record company wanted to touch me because they thought I had some kind of weird attitude problem. Only people in the business would see my going with Creation as being a step back. Right now, this feels like the most important record I've made in my career since the Postcard ones because I have to re-establish myself. Initially I thought the Orange Juice fans might piss off somewhere else but, judging by the live gigs, they still seem to be with me. With *Shilly Shally*, I was thinking of rock'n'roll lyrics like *Tutti Frutti* where the verses are quite literate but the chorus consists of almost nonsensical words that happen to sound great." Suddenly, he finds his influence on post-Postcard pop music being fully recognised and laughs in that spluttering coffee-blender way of his.

"I've just been called seminal for the first time," he announces, referring to a recent music press survey of the cock-eyed shambling scene. "I find myself sitting very comfortably with that, damn right I do. It didn't do Lou Reed any harm now did it?"

JW



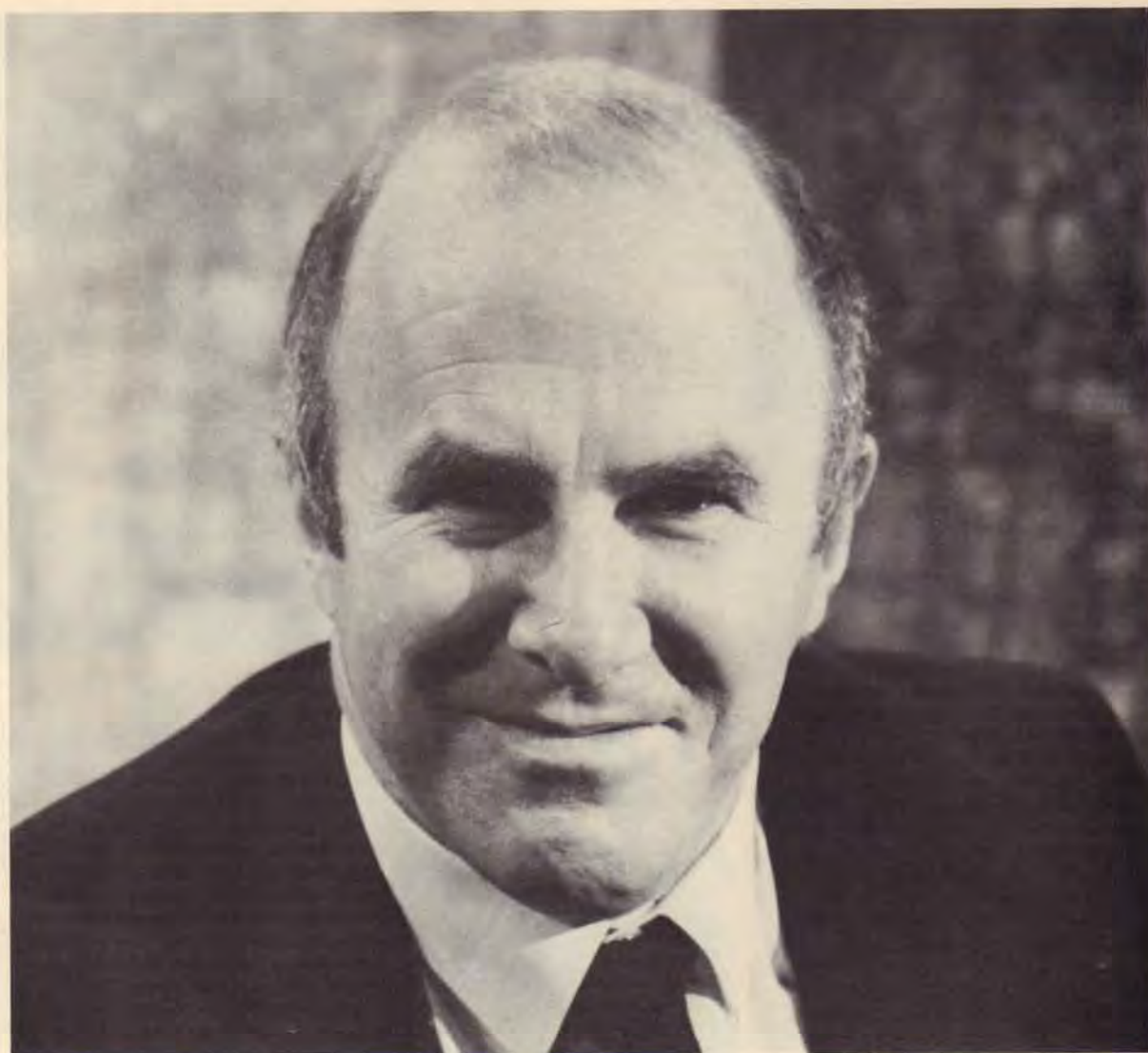
JUSTIFIED ANCIENTS OF MU MU have been the real fly in the ointment this year, a manic diversion of scurrilous subversions and saucy scams. Rumour has it that when McCartney wrapped his lugs around their reading of *All You Need Is Love*, he started coughing up blood and mumbling something about the tower being too good for them. After he sent the boys to Mu Mu Towers, King Boy D and Rockman Rock hastily doctored the work and turned it into the *Me Ru Con Mix* and sent it out, on their own KLF label, with the order to annoy the crap out of all and sundry.

They follow it with a whole album's worth of hijacked samples, sound collage and mangled hip hop this month and call it *1987, What The Fuck Is Going On?*

"There's neither respect nor maliciousness in what we're doing with other people's music," King Boy explains. "It's completely amoral but it's not taking the piss. It's getting something out of our systems. Until last year, I thought 1966 was the best. I was completely in awe of the music of that year. Suddenly, I decided I didn't give a shit about it. It was a burden I've carried along for too long. Anyway, it's been completely confusing everybody which was one of the main intentions. It's got to the stage where people think they're going to be arrested just for listening to the record."

The LP, which 'samples' just about everyone in sight, from Abba to Sex Pistols, from Dave Brubeck to MCS, peels another few layers back off pop's precious, ulcerated tapestry, rolls it into a sticky ball and flicks it back from where it came. Pop will fuck itself stupid indeed. King Boy promises a total of five singles and two albums from his seditious group of seven before they'll jack it all in and start something new. Sabotage has never sounded quite as salty.

Don't think. Pillage. JW



*Paul Morley on Clive James, Judith Chalmers,
It Was 20 Years Ago Today and the election coverage.*

Possibly the most distinguished man on television these past few weeks has been Brighteyes Bill, who was noticeable by his absence alongside Dame Joan in *The Bitch*, a film that has, along with a John Wayne and a couple of Hammers, launched Thames TV's 'Into The Night' season. Burglar Bill, a Chelsea man, combines the greed of Jeffrey Archer with the grace of James Hunt and has leap-frogged, so to speak, over our Joan towards the celebrity level of a Lance Percival or a Joe Brown. Buffalo Bill looks set to become mum Diamond's new partner on TVam: I'm sure he'll be ace with the nappies.

Interviewed by Judith Chalmers during Channel 4's coverage of the Derby, Bing Bong Bill used Dame Joan as a living linen leaning post and was an excellent specifically aimless advertisement for Thatcher's Britain, the kind of character you'd find in a J Archer novel if he was trying to write like PG Wodehouse. "Well, Judith," he smiled, a couple of dirty tricks stuck between his teeth, and he was just about to tell us the *real* difference between

a Kit Kat and Joan Collins...

I have to say at this point, before any of you turn over, that I am writing this month's column in the guise of another character, indeed a few other characters. As the best television programme during the last month was *The Ritz*, despite any intrusion from Peter Skellern, and because that programme was constructed in a particular post-Potter way — a song, a sketch, a wink at the camera — I thought it right that this month's column attempted something equally as flexible and manipulative. Consequently, please remember that when I am discussing Joan Collins' new boyfriend, it is not *me*, Paul Morley, TV critic, who is speaking, it is more a character I have invented, perhaps Ted Rogers, friend of Joan Collins' new boyfriend. So when I unsheathe the hideous Joan Collins gags, please remember that this is only to play a tiny trick on the reader, to drag the reader inside a little fantasy that has evolved out of a few hundred hours' television watching during May; I myself would never laugh at a loathsome Joan Collins gag.

...and he was just about to tell us the *real* difference between a Kit Kat and Joan Collins...

This is me again, the TV critic. Thinking about the best television during May, I felt that *Brond*, also fairly post-Potter, was very inconsiderate. *The Ritz* was just plain ugly, and sorely Northern. Both were poisoned fairytales, and in watching, the viewer could only feel some kind of victim.

...and he was just about to tell us the *real* difference between a Kit Kat and Joan Collins... Actually, in some ways, the best thing about *The Ritz* was just that it was so noisy. *Don't Miss Wax* was exhilarating because of the noise. Only when it was quiet, when Lyall Watson was allowed to whisper as sincerely as Bobby Ewing about poltergeists, when Uri Geller was allowed to pick up his book, did it become ordinary. We must watch out for those people who want to get rid of the noise of television.

...and he was just about to tell us the *real* difference between a Kit Kat and Joan Collins when I fell onto the remote control and landed inside an Ariel ad, indeed inside the little ball that's at the heart of the wash. I moved quickly before I could get trapped in one of the two scoops in every packet of Kellogg's Sultana Bran. I didn't move quick enough, and found myself, along with Peter Cook and the late Robert Mackenzie, dancing in one of those 'Do It All Quick Plug Fitter Why?' ads,

where everyone is as pissed as Blockhead Bill or as goofy as Joe Brown. Peter and I fell out of the ad, just at that poetic moment where everyone leaps into the air, and into *On The Hustings*, where we found ourselves heckling Dr David Owen. "Is it true that you can unravel everything except your own private dilemma?" That caught him out.

Peter Cook, the laziest man alive, this side of Bonked Bill, is one of our more astute TV viewers. Here is a man with whom one could sensibly discuss *A.L.F.* — where a hairy mini monster tries to seduce ugly Americans — or *Birdwatch Goes Dutch* — where little birds fly across the screen, live, whilst Tony Soper whispers as sincerely as Lyall Watson. Cook probably watches every episode of *Derrick*, a German detective series that appears to have been translated into Australian and then sold to us, and is no doubt completely hooked by the repeats of *Don't Wait Up*, a comedy series written by an interesting young man called George Layton, who I think may be one of the most talented people in British television. This young man, not yet 60, has not only written *Don't Wait Up*, but also *Robin's Nest*; he has appeared in *It Ain't Half Hot Mum* and *Minder*; he hosts his own quiz show; he does numerous voiceovers for all sorts of ads. An unsung hero indeed.

Layton probably understands British television as much as Peter Cook. Cook, though, does nothing about it, except to deliver a brilliant comedy special every eight years and turn up now and then on talk shows to marvel at, say, *The Animals Roadshow*. Cook, inevitably, was one of the first four guests on *The Late Clive James*: three of these — Cook, Robbie Coltrane and Barry Humphries — could well be, with George Layton, amongst the funniest men alive, and the fourth, Jonathan Miller, is simply allergic to sitting still.

The Late Clive James is apathetic nonsense — clever, funny people who can't be bothered to get dressed nudged by Clive to pepper the boredom of life with a little dry amusement. It is bored television, not the kind of thing Peter Cook would actually watch. Maybe he would tape it and watch it in fourteen years time, at five in the morning, sandwiched between a Party Political Broadcast on behalf of the Green Party and a bit of *Songs Of Praise*.

Clive, though, does put some thought into what he's asking. Watching him ask a question might have you quivering on the edge of a modest intellectual thrill: guests do get to talk about stationery, or Belgian art galleries, or bars in Harlem. Watching Judith Chalmers ask a question, whether it be in the foyer at the Odeon Leicester Square prior to a Royal Premiere or at Epsom just after the Derby, is terrifying. Judith pokes her mike towards a dressed-up sub-celebrity and staggers forwards thinking of something to ask, and the only thing as nerve-wracking is the sight of David Steel bent double in front of Mr Dimbleby. Watching Judith in action, strangely enough, interviewing, say, Breathtaking Bill, can suggest the same thing as Clive James interviewing the Mind of Miller, or Day interviewing an unshakable professional. No-one has anything to say: nothing interesting, or original, or even ludicrous. Presumably this is why Peter Cook finds television so fascinating: such passionate, tangled,

forbidding repetition, a whole medium on the edge of a breakdown.

Once you've got over the jarring embarrassment of watching Judith Chalmers attempt interviews with has-been's and would-be's, the spectacle is actually quite powerful. Certainly worth keeping on video tape. At the Derby, interviewing the man who plays Dempsey and the woman who does Makepeace, the conversation required open heart surgery. "Tell me," asked Judith, encased in flowers, "are you anything like the characters you play in *Dempsey And Makepeace* in real life?"

Consider that question for a moment. Consider that we have the best television in the world: we should be so lucky that it is on the edge of a nervous breakdown. Consider that in many ways we live in a democracy. Consider that some of us are quite grown up. Consider that we have two Mr Dimbleby's. And yet someone can ask a question like that, someone can watch it being asked, and someone can answer it.

"No," growled the man who plays Dempsey, and truly he did growl. "I'm not a cop in real life."

"No," giggled the woman who does Makepeace, and truly she did giggle. "He's a traffic warden."

Talk doesn't come much smaller than that, not even at the beginning of a Sir Geoffrey Howe sentence, not even two hours into an *After Dark* discussion.

There was much small talk during Granada's recollection of the release of an irritating record by The Beatles, an album that was like a mixture of Gilbert and Sullivan and the 1910 Fruitgum Company...

At this point I must say that I am assuming the character of Back Again Bill to review *It Was 20 Years Ago Today*. It is not me, the TV critic, talking, not at all. I have no feelings whatsoever towards The Beatles. Then again, my favourites were John and Ringo and for various reasons they didn't get involved with Granada's nostalgia. I personally thought the

programme was better than dropping acid in the company of Judith Chalmers.

...like a mixture of Gilbert and Sullivan and the 1910 Fruitgum Company. A number of men who have all ended up looking not unlike Desmond Lynam, the host of *Grandstand*, and talking as energetically as Sir Geoffrey, the jar of vinegar, remembered the apparently astonishing psychedelic blitz that had this dopey music hall sweetness at its centre. If these events were supposed to be so jarring, how come those people who were right at the heart of it end up as kind or as tedious as those people for whom Bob Hope or Bill Haley was the big liberation. Watching *It Was 20 Years Ago Today* one was again reminded that the only difference between The Beatles and The Mixtures was that The Beatles left us with an awful lot to talk about and The Mixtures, God bless them, left us with silence.

I must admit Ringo seemed to have a lot of fun during the recording of the album. He would arrive for tea, and then indeed he would arrive for supper. Even in 1967 you could see that Ringo was already heavily influenced by the Peter Cook school of general inaction.

Ringo should go into partnership with Bodice Bill and they could offer their services as Youth Advisers to the Alliance Party. As I write — Ted Rogers speaking — it is one week before the count and as you read this in the calmness of a new era you would not possibly believe me if I were to tell you that there are two Mr Dimbleby's, that it was possible to flick over from *Campaign Question Time* to *Newsnight* to *Campaign 87* and sometimes get the same question being answered by an assortment of nine, ten politicians, that it was possible to watch minute by minute over a sixteen-hour period the progress of Kinnock, that it seemed as though the whole universe revolved around the bulk of Donald McCormick, that Abbie Hoffman said he saw the Pentagon rise ten feet off the floor

"The Late Clive James is apathetic nonsense — clever, funny people who can't be bothered to get dressed nudged by Clive to pepper the boredom of life with a little dry amusement."

and turn orange, that David Owen allowed himself to be turned into a kind of Max Headroom for the sake of the youth vote, that Sgt Pepper campaigned on behalf of Shirley Williams, that Sue Lawley was accused of bias... It would all seem like hysteria, although I presume it's democracy. I watched David Steel drown in front of my eyes, rambling on about a poll in *Farmers Weekly* that indicated the farmers' vote was rising for the Alliance, and I slipped onto the remote. I found myself two hours into an *After Dark* sat around the table drinking Hirondeille with Sgt Pepper, Norman Tebbit, Biker Bill, Judith Chalmers, Michael Barrymore, Mr Dimbleby and Gyles Brandreth. Anthony Clare was our host and we were discussing 'a bad temper'.

A general election campaign always puts me in a bad mood, I said. It drains me of energy, like a Gyles Brandreth sweater or a Michael Barrymore John Cleese impersonation. Judith Chalmers asked if me in a bad mood during an election campaign is anything like me in real life. I kept my cool. I said nothing. I flicked the remote and I was 'In At The Deep End', cutting Joan Collins' hair. Buff Bill burped in support. ●

NEW VIDEO RELEASES

TOM ELIOT SORTS THROUGH SOME OF THE MORE RECENT VIDEO RELEASES

● **Malcolm.** Touching and original, an Australian film in which a dimwitted and socially inadequate young man, who has a way with mechanical objects, falls in with a pair of good-natured crooks. Together they devise a brilliant and highly unusual bank heist. Not at all bad.

● **Club Paradise.** The hyperactive frenzy of American 'Mork' comic Robin Williams either has you rolling in the aisles or sets your teeth on edge. Consequently this typically overblown comedy, heavy on the slapstick, is likely to appeal only to those who fall into the former category, despite lush Caribbean settings and an interesting cast that includes Twiggy and reggae superstar Jimmy Cliff.

● **Target.** Abysmal spy melodrama cloptrap that features a set of plot twists and turns so old-fashioned they're

practically rigid with arthritis. Gene Hackman is the former Berlin-based spy who retired ten years ago with a new identity, but soon finds out that someone somewhere has tracked him down to settle an old score. Matt Dillon, miscast as Hackman's son, proves once and for all that the ability to act is a quality that will remain forever beyond his reach.

● **Monthly Python's The Meaning Of Life.** Laughs are thin on the ground, almost intentionally it would seem, in what is presumably the final Python project. Instead the humour is laced with extremely bitter, often grotesquely unpleasant satire. The final sequence in particular, featuring the repulsive gourmet Mr Creosote (surely modeled on London restaurateur Peter Langton), requires a strong stomach. Thanks to what appears to be quite a considerable budget,

the spectacular photography and production values are occasionally breathtaking.

● **Blue City.** Produced by Walter Hill, and from a novel by crime writer Ross MacDonald, this brat-pock-cum-yuppie thriller promises considerably more than it delivers. Reunited for the umpteenth time with Ally Sheedy since *The Breakfast Club*, St Elmo's Fire et al, Judd Nelson is the rich kid turned bad who returns home after five years on the road to find that someone snuffed Dad six months back. Judd decides to find out who and why.

● **Howard The Duck.** A serious cinematic misjudgment by former Star Wars golden boy George Lucas; a half-hearted adaptation of the cult US comic of the title that makes too many concessions to the kiddie market to work as camp adult entertainment. Everything you've heard about Howard is true. This duck really is a turkey.

● **The Hunter.** Steve McQueen's last film, a disappointing light thriller based on

the exploits of modern-day bounty hunter 'Papa' Thorson. A sad finale to McQueen's screen life.

● **Failsafe.** Although made some twenty-five years ago, this superb anti-nuclear thriller is still hugely topical. Presented documentary-style, a sort of serious counterpart to the equally affecting *Dr Strangelove*, it suggests what might happen if a nuclear bomber was accidentally sent on a bombing mission against Moscow. The climax is a real nail-biter. A superb cast features Henry Fonda, Walter Matthau, and a young Larry Hagman.

● **Shanghai Surprise.** With any other two actors in the lead roles this might have been an extremely entertaining comedy thriller. But the presence of Madonna and particularly Sean Penn is both a distraction and an irritation, tending to obscure the film's true merits. Madonna is perfectly adequate, though too far out of character as a Christian missionary, but Penn, overacting for all he's worth, almost single-handedly brings

down the project. George Harrison's dreadful and intrusive soundtrack does nothing to help.

● **Ruthless People.** The team behind the *Airplane!* films dispense with the one-off gag approach for a more structured, but equally entertaining, hugely enjoyable comedy of errors about a kidnap that goes disastrously wrong, mainly because the kidnapper, Bette Midler, is such a bitch that no one wants her back.

● **Friday The 13th III.** Plotwise, there's no change here from *Friday's I, II, IV* or even *V*. As usual, though, a considerable amount of imagination and inventiveness has gone into devising new and ever more unusual ways to turn good-looking teenagers into gore-spattered corpses. Axes, knives, pitchforks, harpoons... you name it, they've got it, and any way you like it. Decapitation, madame? Axe in the groin, sir? Or perhaps sir would care for a crushed head and the accompanying popping of his eyeballs...?



Jeremy Wagstaff examines the career of
CHAPMAN PINCHER, Britain's chief 'spywatcher',
*whose latest book, **Traitors**, was published recently.*

Chapman Pincher — voted 'Reporter of the Decade' in 1966 — is the best known of the 'espionage experts' who reveal and interpret the myriad of front-page spy stories on our behalf. Pincher is now 73 and lives next door to Terence Conran in Berkshire. He worked for Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express for 33 years and has written over 20 books, with titles ranging from *It's Fun Finding Out to Sex In Our Time*. His last six, however, have all been about the world of spies, and have prompted questions — and answers — in the House on no less than three occasions. Pincher is, in reality, the celebrated centre-piece of an elaborate charade: for, while his books seethe with indignation at the

'failures' of MI5 and MI6 to face up to the 'Communist onslaught', Pincher's message is identical to that peddled by the security services themselves, through one means or another. Pincher is very much on the same side of the fence as the 'boys from Security'.

Realising early in his journalistic career that reporters are only as good as their sources, Pincher invested his earnings in a country house and a stock of game, inviting likely candidates from Whitehall to come shooting and fishing at weekends. Being an excellent shot, he was always given a return invitation, plus a titbit or two to fill his column in the Express. But, in 1978, due to retire the following year — having been 'official spywatcher by self-

appointment' for the last 15 — he went too far. Collecting all his scraps together he published them as his 'memoirs', *Inside Story*, which not only used up his store of 'exclusives' but also alienated many of his sources, who felt he had not been discreet enough. With many of his other 'informants' inside the service retiring, and despite getting £25,000 for the Express serialisation, Pincher found himself going into retirement short of money and stories. He knew he had to keep writing.

He set to work and persuaded Marcia Falkender, Harold Wilson's political secretary, to help him on a book about Soviet subversion of the Labour Party (*The Infiltrators*). Nothing came of it, however. (Insufficient evidence, perhaps?) Then just as Pincher was being forced to pay back the advance to his publishers in 1980, there came a stroke of luck: a mutual friend, Lord Victor Rothschild, concerned to allay post-Blunt rumours that he was a Soviet spy, arranged a meeting between Peter Wright, an ex-MI5 officer keen to publicise the dangers facing



the West from Soviet penetration, and Pincher, on the lookout for a good, money-spinning spy yarn. The result of their collaboration, *Their Trade Is Treachery*, was a bombshell as well as an earner: for the serial rights alone Pincher got £35,000. Knowing when he was onto a good thing, he pushed hard for material for a second book, this time about CIA/MI5 links (*The Atlantic Connection*) but for Wright, embittered by Pincher's reneging on a conclusion recommending an enquiry, the money was less appealing than the principles. *The Atlantic Connection* remained unwritten. "The thing is to have the meat," urged Pincher, "and then we can make and market the rissole." When Wright failed to deliver, Pincher went

ahead anyway, beefing up lean material with a bit of his own research: this rissole — another tirade against the former MI5 chief, Sir Roger Hollis — was aptly titled *Too Secret Too Long*, and stretched to a blubbery 840 pages.

Pincher's latest offering, *Traitors*, claims more scalps, this time one of them belonging to a 'friend': in the book he 'reveals' that Sir Maurice Oldfield, head of MI6 from 1973-8, was a homosexual who indulged in rough trade. Used as an appetizer for the book, the story caused quite a stir: Mrs Thatcher was drawn into confirming the story in the House of Commons. Whatever the security implications of Oldfield's sexual preferences, however, Pincher's dilemma

was how to use his knowledge of Sir Maurice's activities, rumours of which he had heard in 1982, some two years after the story had started doing the rounds in Fleet Street. By then Pincher had retired from journalism and, as he admits, did not have the resources to investigate the story, which had been given him by the Express crime correspondent. "Anyway," he says, "Maurice was a friend." Not enough of a friend, apparently, to stop him using the story to live up a rather flat *Traitors*: according to Pincher, it would have been "an act of professional incompetence not to have brought in Oldfield." The fact that the late MI6 chief *wasn't* a traitor didn't deter Pincher from selling a friend to sell the book.

What is perhaps most disturbing in all this is that Pincher's world exclusives are really just carefully selected bits of backchat, fed to him by MI5/6 insiders, on the lookout for the public edge to some private in-fighting. While claiming to be the whole truth, his stories — if they have any value at all — are best understood as glimpses of the factional internal politics of the security services — a fact which should be its own source of alarm. And where does that leave Pincher? One of his favourite expressions is, "I know these people. Another is, 'Look, I was bloody well there. You weren't.' And which side does that put him on?" ●

(*Traitors* is published by Sidgwick & Jackson.)

NEW NON-FICTION

REVIEWED BY IAN PARKER

Ted E More is an anagram of odometer. So says John Grant's **Advanced Trivia Quiz Book** (Arrow, £2.95). There are two interesting things about this statement. First, it happens not to be true — Dot U Meer and Tom Udree are both *faultless* anagrams of odometer, but Ted E More isn't. The other interesting thing about the statement... no, my mistake, there was just the one thing.

If that's unfair (and I freely admit to an unshaven month spent in the basement of the British Library, vainly searching for errors more embarrassing than that), here's a conciliatory question for the next edition — who is 'the most exciting film actor of his generation', a performer of 'extraordinary intellectual depth... the natural successor to James Dean'? Give up? Why, it's Robert Vaughn. With the unnecessary publication of Robert B Murray's **Robert Vaughn: A Critical Study** (Thessaly Press), a sad new condition enters our psychoanalytical textbooks — the U.N.C.L.E. complex. Wholeheartedly weird and yet seemingly serious, the book is best defined with reference to Susan Sontag's 1964 essay 'Notes on Camp' (included in **Against Interpretation**, André Deutsch, £5.95 — reissued, and still very sharp). Camp, she says, combines "the exaggerated, the fantastic, the passionate, and the naive". Mr Murray takes this to heart: "The pursing of the lips in Vaughn's work expresses either judiciousness or anguish; or, perhaps, judiciousness in the face of anguish... In extreme anguish the homo Vaughnianus will go beyond pursing his lips to biting them." 'The Furtive Glance' and 'The Stiff Upper Eyebrow' are over the page (and you think I'm joking).

I once had friends who lived in the same street as Peter Cushing; he was often seen cycling slowly, casually instilling terror, his Beady Glare complementing the Stiff Upper Eyebrow. Cushing's **Autobiography** (Weidenfeld, £4.95) makes one thing clear — the importance of starting young. He learnt the techniques of horror as a very small boy — his mother's preferred form of punishment was to moan "Love Will Find a Way" ("...I'm going away, away, away, across the ocean blue...") and then feign death, leaning back in a chair with her eyes closed; the

young Peter would scream, "No! No! Don't go away — I won't be naughty any more" and so on, terrified out of his tiny mind. A little full-blooded sadism goes a long way.

Jane Russell's **Autobiography** (Arrow, £3.95) is a less instructive affair. Joe Orton described *The Outlaw* as "a boring film... Pornography with the pornography left out" and Jane Russell, in turn, seems to be a star with much of the star left out. With the exception of that brief but highly charged cameo in *The Road To Bali* (Bob Hope left holding the coconut as a strutting Crosby accompanies Russell and Dorothy Lamour into the sunset), Russell has not cut much of a dash on the screen. Off-screen, there's some serious drinking, a brief prison sentence, much hot-line dialogue with 'the Lord', and several husbands. She married the third in matching green and gold catfants. Although the wedding photograph suggests that the reverse was true, the husband's words are worth quoting: "We'll shine like a new nickel in a goat's ass."

Unaccountably, this fails to feature in Nigel Rees's otherwise exhaustive **Dictionary Of Twentieth Century Quotations** (Fontana, £4.95). This is an admirable book, which, rather than merely entertain us with witticisms, actually does what these dictionaries *should* do — it locates even the banal and the tediously familiar. Such a policy of contemporary thoroughness has the *disadvantage*, however, of telling us what we already know. Rees is addressing an audience of twenty years hence — an audience which has forgotten who was describing what as "two minutes fifty-two seconds of squishing (*wasn't it squelching?*) noises", and who used to say "I've started so I'll finish".

John Rotten later amended his estimation to five minutes, claiming to have acquired a new technique. Encouragement of this sort is included in **Every Man**, by Derek Llewellyn-Jones (Oxford, £3.95), written for the half of the population which has only furtive access to Whatever-Happened-To-The-Doggie-Position Cosmo features. *Every Man*, we're told, is "the first book to offer men a detailed, sympathetic account of their bodies, their needs and their problems". It does a good job, despite tendency to undermine myths which are hardly taken seriously. Such claims as "masturbation is a sign of moral turpitude" or "most old people are bed-ridden" are followed by lengthy refutations — of interest only to people too stupid to be able to read them.

Still with improving the self (the really serious publishing money-spinner), Liane Jones's **Flying High: The Woman's Way To The Top** (Fontana, £3.50) engages successful women in talk of their success. Kate Adie, Janice Long, Lynda Chalker, Brenda Dean and others tell us about ambition and appearance, interviews and image. These people have revealing things to say, so it's a shame to have chopped up their words, and stirred them into a success *manual*, rather than leave the interviews uninterrupted. As a result of this process, and to justify itself as a *manual*, the book has to resort to the old fallacy that luck is *manufactured* — a notion best left to the incapable hands of football commentators.

Virago's new 'Upstart' books, for a young market, do let women speak for themselves — **Falling For Love** by Sue Sharp (£3.50), about teenage mothers, and **Bitter-Sweet Dreams** (£2.95), tales of life and love from *Just Seventeen* readers, provide a salutary alternative to Liane Jones's yuppies learning the virtues of wearing cream suits.

Dressing for success? Industry, says Christopher Lorenz's **The Design Dimension** (Blackwell, £5.95), should take design to the bosom of its operations. Fifties American cars are "unwieldy, boxy, battering-rams" (shame on him) and the Walkman, we're told, is where it's at. This is the land of design as marketing and marketing as design, where there's no need to distinguish between the virtues of a design which can be successfully unloaded onto the public, and a design which might actually offer value/pleasure/convenience to the consumer. And that, I suspect, is why we've got a fruit machine (useless, hideous, and screaming like a banshee) in the Design Centre, and why the bell on my telephone is drowned out by the least ostentatious of farts.

Pasolini, by Enzo Siciliano (Bloomsbury, £9.95), is vast and complex. A tale of extraordinary creativity, a chronicle of persecution and (outside Rome in November 1975) of murder, it is equally valuable as an inferred history of post-war Italy. But Siciliano is so anxious to honour the ambiguities of his subject, and is so aware of the paradoxes and contradictions of biography itself, that the narrative — always elliptical and elegiac — becomes downright oppressive. For the most dedicated Pasolini devotee, this has to be the book, but others may begin to feel just a little claustrophobic.

The IRA makes use of the ideological provisions of war, but lacks the tactical

sophistication of a considered campaign — it fails to capitalise on its advantages (as after Bloody Sunday), engaging instead in acts as hugely inappropriate as the murder of Lord Mounbatten. And for all the realignment towards political activity, the armed struggle is bound to continue. **The Provisional IRA**, by Patrick Bishop and Eamon Mallie (Heinemann, £12.95), serious and intelligent, traces Republican history from The United Irishmen to the Anglo-Irish Agreement. The authors judge sparingly, and with an admirable, if vain, commitment to even-handedness. Alongside the horror of IRA killings is the "brutality" of Thatcher's intransigence over the hunger-strikes, and the viciousness of the British army in the Falls Road Curfew — "Get back in," says the soldier, "or I'll shoot your fucking head off".

As for **Jazz: The Essential Companion**, by Ian Carr, Digby Fairweather and Brian Priestly (Grafton, £17.95), I can only state it exists. Useful with the Majestics, yes, but I've never understood where Robbie Coltrane finds his puff for the saxophone; and I've never even heard of Dave Pike. Dave Pike? One man's fish, as they say, is another man's *poisson*. ●

NEW FICTION PAPERBACKS

REVIEWED BY JONH WILDE

Protest: **The Beat Generation And The Angry Young Men** (Souvenir Press, £7.95) kicks us off this month, a fascinating and far-reaching compendium of writings from the late Fifties. Originally published in 1959 and edited by Gene Feldman and Max Gartenberg, it focuses on the key exponents and commentators of the genre and, in so doing, attempts to present the spirit of the age. Some of the best fiction of the period is supplemented by sections of criticism and commentary and it adds up to a scintillating anthology. The Beats are represented by the likes of Clennon Holmes, Kerouac, Burroughs, Solomon and Ginsberg and, while Holme's *Go* still towers powerfully above the rest, most of it ages surprisingly well. Didn't make me skedaddle out my front door and try to hitch a lift to San Francisco but I dusted off the Charlie Parker albums, thought about something dangerous and almost

▷ stole a car. As for the Angry Young men, I still can't think of them without envisaging red-faced psychotics waving big sticks and chasing people up hills. Most of this area — John Wain, Kingsley Amis, Colin Wilson, John Osborne and JP Dunleavy — seems rather dignified and unruffled thirty years on, but Amis's comic masterpiece *Lucky Jim* and Colin Wilson's *The Outsider* still pick at your brains with a vengeance. Mailer's *White Negro* is still good for a few laughs too, the bad-tempered old bugger attempting to justify just about everything, including beating up old ladies, in the name of hip and existentialism. Perhaps his *only* true comic moments. Whatever, by the end, you're left siding with the Beats, who sound like they're having a much better time of it, chasing each other around the country and whirling into the centre of life without giving a sod. Seems to make a lot of sense all these years on.

Amis Snr. has come a long way from the satirical might of *Lucky Jim* of course. These days, his novels wear a tired, disinterested look that grows less becoming with each publication. *Ending Up* (Penguin, £2.25) is no exception, a dishwasher dull account of the dreary goings-on within Tuppeny-ha-penny Cottage, involving some tiresome septuagenarians. Their whingeing and whining, not to mention their collection of bodily function handicaps, make some

convincing arguments for euthanasia, but that's as convincing as it gets. More mellow plod from one way past his most swell.

Leslie Dick's first novel is the first title to be published in MASKS, a new series of modern writing for the postmodern world, brought to us courtesy of Serpent's Tail, a new and welcome addition to British publishing. With large measures of style, diversity and even daring, they look set to bring us a sackful of provocative literature over the coming months. Dick's *Without Falling* (£4.95) comes with much backscratching from that omnipresent old bore, Kathy Acker, who describes this work as "a real women's romantic novel, written for the sake of truth." Which, funnily enough, happens to be quite close to the truth. Though *Without Falling* is jammed to the gills with vulnerability, revulsion, failing and emotional disrepair, it is also essentially a romantic work. When these people fall in love, they really fall in every sense. Dick's characters are sketched with varying degrees of success but, in what is a boldly overambitious novel, she manages to sidestep most of the pitfalls. Her heroines are no Moping Monas, though they can get dangerously nihilistic at times. Though happier when stuck in relationships, they are hardly passive types looking for rescue and salvation. Dick also resists the temptation to make them either pitiable victims or

sabre-rattling foes of the patriarchy. Tracy, the main protagonist, is a decidedly modern casualty, finding herself in one of those tricky love triangles where she always looks like the eventual loser and here we follow her ups and downs (so to speak), her suicide attempts and her small victories. As a straight narrative, this is quite a success. When Dick veers off at tangents and tries to place these dilemmas in a broader context, defining Tracy's wilfully insecure ways in some kind of vague post-feminist essence, then *Without Falling* really starts to look shaky at the knees. The out-of-focus contour of her characters adds to the novel, gives it its own sense of remoteness and even disfigurement. The vagueness of her arguments, however, merely detract, making *Without Falling* just a success and not, sadly, a debut masterpiece. At the end, you're left with a puzzled look about you, wondering what Dick is really trying to tell us about romance, feminism, sexual identity or anything. For all that, this is promising stuff.

Now for the short story contenders this month, Grace Paley and our very own Francis King. Of the two, I'd take Paley's unpredictable, informal style of prose any day. *Later The Same Day* (Penguin, £3.95) is her first collection for over ten years and follows her two previous volumes, *The Little Disturbances Of Man* (1959) and *Enormous Changes At The*

Last Minute (1974). On her approach to the short story mode, she has said that "the truth is, people are kind of scared by very very short stories, just as they are by long poems. A short story is closer to the poem than to the novel and when it's very very short, should be read like a poem." This theory would apply to a large proportion of this new collection, many of these prose pieces stretching over just two or three pages. What Paley lacks in mileage, she makes up for in wit, precision and commanding style. She truly is a master of the form, writing with a strange slanting magic, a density of phrase, both tender and harsh. She deals with the familiar details of our everyday but brings her briery imagination to bear upon them, revealing unexpected sensations and truths as she devours these familiar struggles and triumphs. Her twists are sleek and they surprise us. There's a wilfully deviant streak in her writing, as though she reaches her junctions and thinks, "I'll head down there, it could be interesting." It usually is. These fourteen shorts slither and skid through your imagination with delectable ease and triumphant clarity. True genius.

King's collection, *One Is A Wanderer* (Penguin, £3.95), is less successful but not without its virtues. Next to Paley, his prose is rather too comfortable with itself, rarely brushing as close to the razor's edge as it at times suggests it's going to. This is a selection of the best of his work over four decades, some of it never before published. Comparisons with Chekhov and Forster are not unduly fair though King ultimately fails to capture the alluring shades of the former or the latter's treacherous sense of romanticism. King, perhaps better known for his novels, especially the mystery *Act Of Darkness*, lacks the urgency and edge to make classic shorts. You reach the end of his tales and demand something more. He leaves something lacking, incomplete and imperfect.

Vikram Seth's *The Golden Gate* (Faber, £3.95) is a novel in verse set in California's Silicon Valley which ripples with occasional brilliance but the idea of which tends to look fagged out by the middle. Seth's rhyming couplets start out with great wit and fluency but start to sound as though they wished they were conceived as prose, no amounts of stylistic genius able to stand the strain of wondering what's going to rhyme with Liechtenstein (sacramental wine), inveigles (bagels) and Pink Floyd (annoyed). Seth saves himself with ample scatterings of self-parody but his complete talents seem stifled by the form he's chosen.

Lastly, Ivor Cutler's *Fremley* (Methuen, £4.95) brings us 38 tales from the great man's implausible imagination. A queer fish indeed. Reading Cutler, though, you long to hear his voice, that great human experiment which knows all about the violence of irony in its massively understated way. Still, you can just imagine it looking on in its charming, coquettish manner as these episodes deviate and fly in the face of reason, Cutler's sense of invention on as loose a rein as ever. Heeding Ivor's warning to "open your sporan and declare an amnesty of the fluff within." I clucked and cackled like a mynah-bird, rolling around 'til I wet myself. Truly, these are tablets of stone indeed. ●

PAPERBACK CHOICE

JOHN WILDE SELECTS SOME FAVOURITE PAPERBACKS

● **My Sister's Hand In Mine**, Jane Bowles (The Ecco Press). Being the collected works of one of the most criminally ignored literary names of this century, her great talents rather overshadowed by the attention given to her composer-writer husband, Paul Bowles. Her work is sparse, spare, pared down, but from this directness and lightness springs a prose that is both discomforting and profoundly humorous. Besides the fragments of longer, unfinished works and the shorter fictional pieces, this collection offers her most acclaimed story, the dark-absurd classic *Two Serious Ladies* and her only stageplay *In The Summer House*. Bowles writes with detachment but never fails to make an unforgettable impression in the partially realised destinies of her slowly disintegrating characters. These precious pieces flush with a primal emotion that suffuse and blur in brilliant ways. Add her to your next shopping-list and I'll tell you I told you so.

● **End Zone** (Washington Square Press); **Great Jones Street** and **Running Dog** (both Vintage), all by Don DeLillo. Better known in this country for his two Picador publications, *White Noise* and *The Names* (the latter of which surely ranks as the most original and obsessive novel of the Eighties), DeLillo's earlier American novels take some searching for in this country, but crop up from time to time.

DeLillo's themes are variously culture, survival, language, decay, spiritual poverty and the subtle, ever-increasing interdependence between the self and the national and world community and, at its best, his fiction successfully establishes a metaphorical relationship between the reader and the world it is creating. On the surface, *End Zone* might appear to be a novel about football. It is, but it is also a novel that concerns itself with the secrets of the universe. The reclusive DeLillo is rapidly proving himself a master of the menace in everyday situation and is preparing to join the ranks of the American literary heavyweights. Like Pynchon, William Gaddis and Donald Barthelme, he is posing inescapable questions about a declining Western civilisation with consummate skill. Unlike Pynchon, he is neither over-complex nor stylistically bloated, while his brilliant streams of consciousness blast with fierce emotional potency. DeLillo is already up there.

● **The Sexual Outlaw**, John Rechy (Futura). Originally written in 1977, when the party was still going strong, when AIDS was hardly a twinkle on the horizon, Rechy's documentary of the sexual battleground in Los Angeles, a stunning account of three days and nights in the sexual underground, has rapidly become history. Just ten years on, this tale of transitory, anonymous sex encounters, in the parks, alleys, tunnels,

streets, bath-houses and beaches, just reminds us how it could never be again, not in our lifetimes. Rechy's aim was to present a true spectrum of the promiscuous experience. "At its best," his hero Jim muses, "the gay experience is liberating, adventurous, righteously daring, revolutionary and beautiful in its sexual abundance. At its worst, it is a stark vision of hell." Just around the corner was a hell more hellish and fatal than anyone could have imagined of course. In one weekend, Jim joins the tide of hunters looking to lose some identity or gain some identity, enjoying an abandoned orgy of random sex yet emerging with a feeling of sweeping disgust at the paradoxical, sad spectacles that he witnesses and experiences, at all the self-hatred, the humiliation and the dissipation of the real revolutionary energy. Though supremely erotic, *The Sexual Outlaw* is rarely pleasant reading. These days, it's a different book altogether, an epitaph, a rather tragic proscription, a death warrant and almost a judgement.

● **The New Fiction — Interviews With Innovative American Writers**, by Joe David Bellamy (University Of Illinois Press). Widely available in Britain, this 1974 publication looks at some of the authors who were responsible for a whole new way of using language, a whole new way of giving order to experience, in the late Sixties. The book's aim is to find out why those changes took place and what, in specific terms, has characterised the transformations of sensibility, language, and formal and technical modes of the present and

immediately upcoming periods. Bellamy's interviews are penetrating studies of the authors, taking the form of criticisms to a large extent, aiming at serving as a bridge between a writer and his potential reader. Besides the more obvious names like John Barth, William Gass, Jerzy Kosinski, Joyce Carol Oates and Donald Barthelme, there is also a splendid variety of less known (to this reader at least) figures like John Gardner, John Hawkes and Ronald Sukenick. Individually, they provide an invaluable study of the aims and working methods of these artists. Collectively, *The New Fiction* adds up to a fascinating study of the changes in the literary climate of the time.

● **Music For Chamelons**, Truman Capote (Sphere). Needs little introduction really. Capote at his most colourful, most dynamically imaginative. This collection of shorts includes the classic non-fiction short novel, *Handcarved Coffins*, and adds up to a funny, moving and cohesive array. I'm into my fifth reading of it at present and each piece grips like very little else in modern literature. Capote at his word-drunk best. It makes your ticker skip a beat every time. I'm lost for words.

● **Mystery Train**, Greil Marcus (Omnibus Press). Second only to Nik Cohn's *AWopBopAlooBop* as the greatest book ever written about rock music, *Mystery Train* comes with lofty ambitions, employing quite daring social/historical manoeuvres, but providing an exhilarating picture of the rock genre. What he aims at bringing to the book is no

attempt at synthesis, but a recognition of unities in the American imagination that already exist. He hopes it contains and reflects the peculiar moods of these times — from Robert Johnson's *Delta Blues* to Presley's rock'n'roll, from Sly Stone to Randy Newman — when his America came face to face with an obscene perversion of itself that could be neither accepted nor destroyed. His subjects are symbolic Americans, their music an attempt to live up to that role. Marcus writes with an informed vigour, a decisive cutting-edge, his vision of rock romping through these essays, transcending the surface implications of popular music, making some very ultimate conclusions.

● **Woman Talk — A Woman's Book Of Quotes**, compiled by Michele Brown and Ann O'Connor (Futura). Not intended to be a book with a message, this collection has no axe to grind, except the all too obvious one of redressing a long-overdue imbalance since, the editors maintain, every other book of quotations is dominated by the words and ideas of men. A healthy diversity and a rich humour makes this an essential companion whenever you're in search of a quick fix of wit or wisdom. Three favourites: — Cherry Vanilla's, "never do with your hands what you could do better with your mouth"; Patti Smith's, "I used to dream of getting fucked by the Holy Ghost when I was a kid"; Erica Jong's, "men and women, women and men. It will never work". Scintillating and sexy stuff, an evocative and provocative collection.

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TALK

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INTERVIEW BY IAN PARKER
PHOTOGRAPH BY LIAM WOON

**As well as
skindiving
and writing
for Boxing
News,
Timothy Mo
writes novels.
So far he has
written three,
and two of
them, *Sour
Sweet* and *An
Insular
Possession*,
have been shortlisted for the Booker
Prize. One of the new breed
of younger novelists, Mo
knows the value of
marketing and also knows the
value of a big advance.**



iving in Borneo is *easy*. It's clear, warm water: sharks never attack you, and there's not much current. English diving's really dangerous; it's cold – really freezing cold – strong tidal streams, and dark as hell. It can be pitch dark at sixty feet. They call it snuff diving."

Timothy Mo is fit. He jogs down to Hyde Park twice a week, and dives at weekends. For three years he was an instructor in the British Sub-Aqua Club. His friends are divers: "They're leaning over the side, feeling sick, and I'm going round tapping them on the shoulder, saying 'pork chops'. You know, you've got to be one of the lads."

During the week, in a London flat as unlike a garret as you could ask for, Mo writes novels of assured tone and exotic subject. The most recent, *An Insular Possession*, has sold a monumental 21,000 copies in hardback. The Young Quality Novelist, he says, is our new cultural hero; in his friendly, cultured, and – this is a favourite word – *sophisticated* way, Mo knows he is one of them. Under eight years of a "philistine government", the British novel has flourished, and Mo with it. He dives and ►



"The new cover of *The Monkey King* is the worst; there's a Japanese man on the front in Japanese national costume. I was absolutely furious. I couldn't write for two days after seeing the covers of those books."

▷ he writes: "If you can make it as a writer, and your books are always earning £30,000 a year, then it's a wonderful, almost playboyish life. If you don't hit that, or if it doesn't last, you're in trouble, in a miserable, Grub Street sort of existence."

He'll write six or seven novels, he says, and then he'll stop. And become a grand old man of letters? "No, more of a dirty old man. I can see myself as a sort of Pablo Picasso."

Mo was born in Hong Kong in 1950, of a Cantonese father and English mother. His first school, the Convent of the Precious Blood, was as severe as tradition demands, "a typical, mindless classical Chinese education, where the children are discouraged from thinking and asking questions." He did ask too many questions in class, "and the nuns sent me home with sticking plasters over my mouth."

Aged 10, he left Hong Kong. After Mill Hill School in North London, he studied History at St John's College, Oxford. He won the Golden Gnome, "a garden gnome sprayed gold, given to the most boring person in the college." There was at least one evening spent on the bar-football table with a dapper Martin Amis, "eating jam sandwiches like schoolboys", but for most of the three years, he was buried in the library. "If I had it again, I'd study a language – Spanish or Russian – and I wouldn't study it too hard. I'd spend all my time in late-night poker games... Thackeray had it right; he wasted all his time at Trinity and was sent down without a degree, or something. He had it just right."

He knew what he wanted to do after Oxford. "I wanted to be a novelist, but I wanted to find something reasonably congenial to support myself." He ended up at the Times Educational Supplement. "It was terrible. It was the most boring fifteen months of my life. My early twenties were a grisly time. I tried to get a job on the TLS. They were going to give me a job, but someone up there hated me very much indeed... He had one testicle, that bloke, the bloke who black-balled me – yes, there's a joke there." He moved to the New Statesman, "two days a week, counting copy for drunken old hacks – I mean, literally, people would reel in and try and nick our review copies to sell them."

To universal horror, he'd spend his New Statesman lunchbreaks reading Boxing News. He's now been writing for that paper for twelve years – setting odds for the bookmakers, writing predictions and fight reports. "It's rather mechanical, but that's the way it works. I don't just describe the punches – I try and map out the strategy. You have to begin with the climax. It's a bit like writing bottom-of-the-market thrillers, there's a very set way of doing it." Sports journalism, he says, is no better than any other: "I think the sports writers are the biggest hacks of all, closely followed by the parliamentary lobby." His antipathy is a question of temperament. "My way of thinking is not journalistic. I find it very difficult to

respond to events as they happen. I could never get excited about current affairs in the way that other people do. I prefer a longer-term view."

With the exception of *Boxing News*, Mo only writes novels. Unlike his contemporaries, he does not review, or write scripts and short stories; and he has never written an unpublished novel. *The Monkey King*, a deft tale of an in-law's rites of passage in a claustrophobic Hong Kong household, was published in 1979. "A great many people, the sophisticated readers, prefer my first novel, strangely enough. It's the one that I've never particularly cared for, because I don't actually like to tell a story. I'm interested in character."

His second novel, *Sour Sweet*, takes its characters from London's Chinese community. "There are a lot of hoary clichés about novel-writing. I think one of them is 'write about what you know'... I like to write about what I don't know. I've never written an autobiographical book. There's very little about me in my books. I don't think there's much point being a novelist if it's not invented. I find it stimulating to write about strange subjects." On the Triads, who patrol *Sour Sweet* with startling violence, Mo can write with some authority (his father, a criminal lawyer in Hong Kong, knows "a lot of dubious people"), but he claims no great familiarity with Chinatown. "It's a little bit strange being a great authority on what goes on in Chinese restaurants. I'm probably as ignorant as anyone else." And he's no Sinophile. "A lot of older Chinese people don't like my work. They accuse me of being very hostile to the traditional Chinese way of doing things, which I am. The only aspect of China I can wholly endorse is the food. It's absolutely the best cuisine in the world."

Mike Newell (*The Awakening*, *Bad Blood*, *Blood Feud*) is directing the film of *Sour Sweet*, with a budget of £1.5 million and a screenplay by Ian McEwan. "Ian said it was quite a cinematic book. The authors, traditionally, haven't got the faintest idea of how their books will translate into film. He says it's quite filmic, and it was easy for him to do." Mo hopes the film will be as "fresh" as *My Beautiful Laundrette*. "I loved the way the gay friendship was done. It wasn't just that there was nothing judgmental about it, there wasn't even anything judgmental in the construction of the film. It was just left to go. Most people would feel the need to round it off, aesthetically. And I think that kind of aesthetic rounding-off would imply a moral judgment of some kind."

With a current philosophy of "Half the world deserves to die" ("I just go round muttering it to myself – I think I'm going bonkers"), Mo is not without a judgmental side to his psyche. As he greys, he likes people a lot less and, in fiction, this emerges as an admission that "people do behave in stereotypes". Always preoccupied with the almost indefinable subtleties of character, with "doing justice to someone as an individual", Mo's most recent novel,

An Insular Possession, has been said to have flat, cardboard characters. But no, says Mo, it's more a recognition that people are modified by their surroundings, they are "less strong" than he supposed in acting against their environment.

The vast, dense and dazzling environment of *An Insular Possession* could never translate into a film of *My Beautiful Laundrette* proportions. It would be of another genre – a gigantic epic of Vistavision panoramas, river battles, duels and floating brothels. Set in Canton, Macao, and the 'insular possession' of Hong Kong in the 1830s and '40s, Mo's characters – at their head, two young Americans and a sotted Irish painter – are witness to increasing Chinese horror at the British trade in "drug". A commercial struggle of two empires erupts into the Anglo-Chinese Opium Wars.

A 'historical novel' then? Mo looks politely sceptical: "I hate the historical novel, as a whole, because I think most of them are so awful." For instance? "Well, Georgette Heyer, I suppose. There's an inherent bathos about the form of the historical novel – people put modern language into these characters' mouths. There was a film of *The Three Musketeers* I saw once, which re-created this inn, with wenches, frills and rapiers, and then someone shouted out 'Hey, the boss says to go eat, D'Artagnan', from the courtyard. That's what afflicts the historical novel. I like the historical novel as written by someone like Peter Ackroyd, because he's sophisticated, he uses the old language."

Mo's novel is historically sincere, rather than accurate. "I quite like the idea," he says smiling, "that everybody's notion of the Opium Wars in sixty years' time will be mine, if the book lasts. You see, our version of 19th-century London is not really Mayhew's or Karl Marx's, it's Dickens's version, which is a complete falsification... I've tried to make the economic analysis of it truthful, and sincere. I may have done violence to the facts at some stage, but you can rely on it as a sincere representation of that time and place."

An Insular Possession is a novel about sincerity in representation, set in a period when the photographic and the journalistic are edging towards representational ubiquity. So, is the history of representation a spiral of decline? "You've got to be sensible about this," says Mo. "You could say that the only real truth resides in fiction. But you don't learn about the world from reading a novel; you learn about it from newspapers, from journalism, from reportage. No, I don't think we live in a particularly degraded or corrupted age, but there are some things that I like less than others. I don't like, for instance, the Latin-American novel as a form of representing reality – like Gabriel García Márquez. I don't think it's a question of them having a superior grasp on reality, but that those books are their view of reality. They have a degraded, fantastical vision. You can see it from Márquez – his comments on the Falklands War ▷

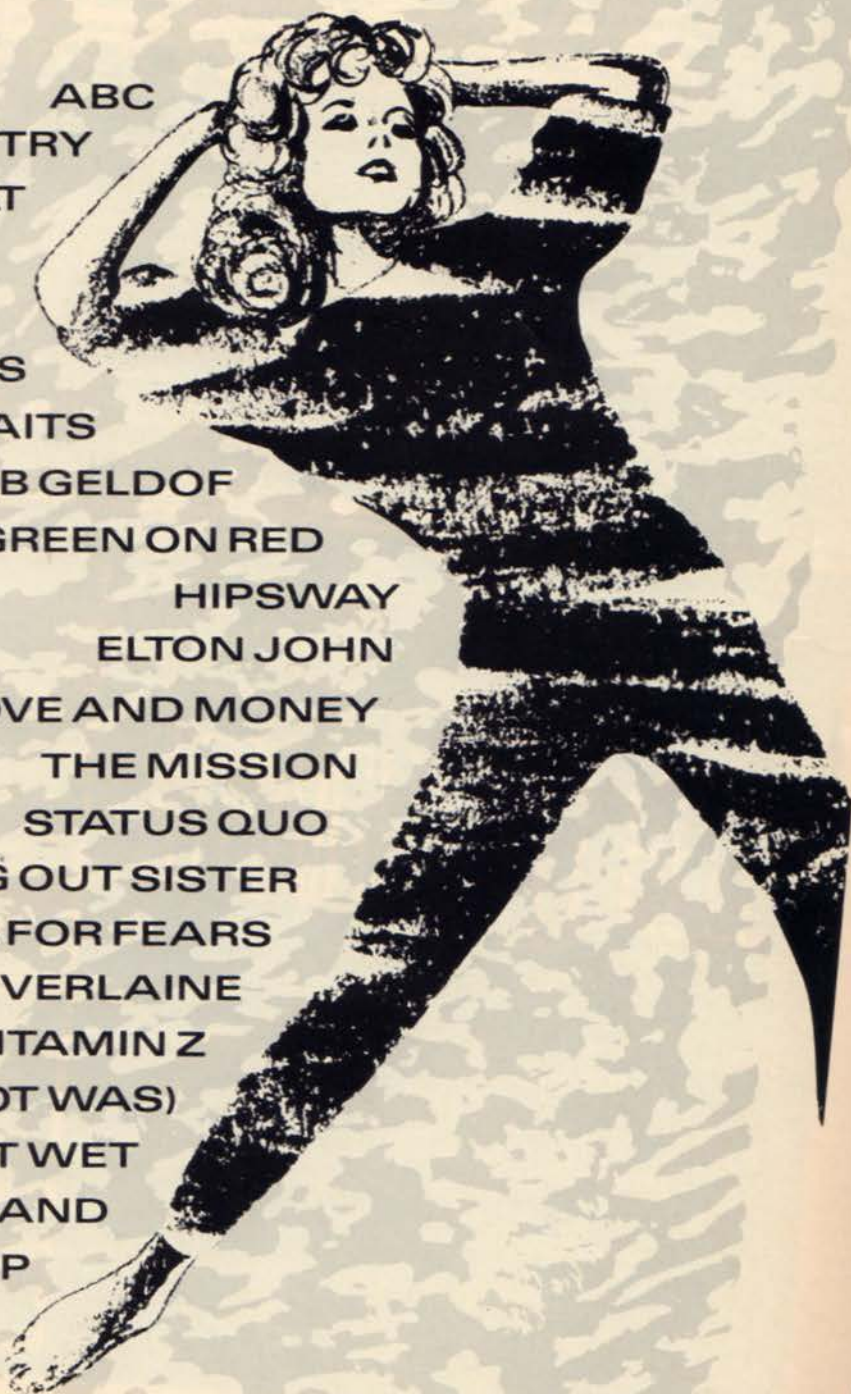


p h o n o g r a m r e c o r d s



Beat gets Wilder ...

ABC
BIG COUNTRY
CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT
DEF LEPPARD
DEXY'S MIDNIGHT
RUNNERS
DIRE STRAITS
BOB GELDOF
GREEN ON RED
HIPSWAY
ELTON JOHN
LOVE AND MONEY
THE MISSION
STATUS QUO
SWING OUT SISTER
TEARS FOR FEARS
TOM VERLAINE
VITAMIN Z
WAS (NOT WAS)
WET WET WET
X MAL DEUTSCHLAND
ZODIAC MINDWARP
ZUICE



p h o n o g r a m r e c o r d s

heaven in '87



▷ – describing Gurkhas cutting peoples' heads off and bugging corpses. I think he actually believed it, and I think that his view of the world is so sick and imbecile. I hate it."

The leisurely, profuse, present-tense narrative of *An Insular Possession* is a rich mixture of incident and dialogue; of polemical journalism, playbills and printing accounts, all expertly executed in a 19th-century idiom. But for all its period authenticity, the narrative has a certain 20th-century distance. Did Mo have to resist a far greater knowingness, of the kind John Fowles might have manufactured? "I don't resist anything. I'm very self-indulgent. I suppose I might have a slightly more sophisticated epistemological sense than some novelists. A historian strives to understand the period and to get into the minds of the actual personages, but he doesn't try to be them. He's still looking at it from a 20th-century viewpoint. So it's a balancing act, neither the one thing nor the other. If you try to be too knowing about it, it becomes rather arch, but on the other hand you don't want to plunge yourself into the period, and not be conscious of living in the 20th century. If you try to write that book absolutely perfectly, and try to mimic the mid-19th century, all you'll have written is a mediocre 19th-century novel; what you want to write is a superior 20th-century novel."

And how superior is *An Insular Possession*?

"Either it's a league above everything else, or it's nothing, a complete piece of pretension and affectation. Time will tell."

I think Mo knows just how good he is. And should he forget, there's the cheque to remind him.

Disappointed by poor hardback sales of *Sour Sweet*, and frustrated by the two years it originally took them to bring the book out, Mo left his first publishers, André Deutsch. On the open market, he was offered £70,000 for *An Insular Possession*. "There's a lot of speculation as to why I turned this offer down. Someone who I actually know in publishing said, 'Oh, he was frightened by the money. He's not used to the money, he doesn't know how to handle money. They offered him £70,000, but he panicked', which I think is the most outrageous assumption. You panic when someone doesn't offer you enough, don't you?"

As it turned out, Mo made a lot more money by going to Chatto and Windus and, unconventionally, by delaying the paperback auction until a month after hardback publication. "There was endless hoo-hah in the papers. 'This bloke's mad. Why has he done this?' And when I was proved right, a year later, there wasn't a fucking line anywhere." The gamble paid off. "To make money, there's no reward without risk. You've got to stay calm about it, and not be dazzled by what they're immediately offering you. The boxing world is full of scum; I watch boxers being ripped off so I'm very suspicious about publishers, agents, managers and those kinds of people. There's a much higher level of probity in publishing than there is in

the boxing world. You have to watch out for yourself."

Mo is not coy about marketing. He shows the cheerfully acceptable face of hype. "People say, 'Well, it doesn't matter, it's what's inside that's important'. Well, you take that for granted; then you hope that it's marketed well." His first two paperbacks are published by Abacus. "I mean, they've never been great covers, but now they've given me absolutely frightful covers. The new cover of *The Monkey King* is the worst; there's a Japanese man on the front, a Japanese man in Japanese national costume. I was absolutely furious. I couldn't write for two days after seeing the covers of those books." In an unsuccessful attempt to get it changed, Mo sent them a cheque for £500 – a rare example, he says, of an author putting his money where his mouth is.

The taker of several literary trophies, Mo has been twice shortlisted for the Booker Prize. "It does good things... it cuts years off your career, but it's also very bad in a sense. It concentrates demand on one particular title, which may not deserve it. I think there were lots more books that sold ten thousand copies before this prize; now you get one, which slays all the other books." And it is an unsavoury experience. "You don't know just how degrading and humiliating it is, until you actually do it... I always think of authors as heroic, leonine figures, and you've got these trembling wretches, wondering if they've won. All the journalists know who's won, and the authors don't." Shortlisted in 1982, the BBC wanted him in a coolie hat, or "something fairly chinky, if I can use that word". He said no. The next year, the organisers told the assembled authors that they'd "had a lot of trouble with Timothy Mo last year". It became everyone's immediate ambition, so Mo was told, to have the same said of them – "We had a little trouble with Julian Barnes last year", or "we had a little trouble with Graham Swift."

Times are good for the British novelist: "I love Salman Rushdie, because he made this great splash for younger authors. You know, people always used to bollock novelists, saying, 'the novelists are no good, the young dramatists are good'. When I first started writing, this was the case, and now, of course, novels are in and you can make quite a lot of money as a quality novelist under 40. Rushdie made this first big splash, with *Midnight's Children*; it captured people's imagination... Then Swift did *Waterland*, and there were Barnes's books, and there was this new level, they offered £70,000, which was the level I turned down. That sum became the money you would offer someone like Swift, or Barnes, or myself. I see that Swift has now done a two-book deal for £160,000, or something like that, so it begins at £80,000 now. That's what they pay you."

So, what's going on?

"People are better educated now. The reading market is much sharper, partly because of companies like Picador, and partly because of the trends which have built up companies like Picador. You've had

successful higher education for everybody since the war. The Universities and Polys are churning out well-educated young people who wouldn't have been educated before the war, and they're buying these books." Publishers are beginning to equate quality with cash. "All the paperback publishers, who've thrived on crap – like Pan and Sphere – they've decided that there's money in the quality end of the market. Pan decided that in the early Seventies, and then everybody's followed them, like Coronet, and Corgi. All the crap houses have got their smart lists now. And the only people to have been able to make the jump from crap to quality are Picador."

Mo is writing his fourth novel: "It's about the wickedness of American foreign policy and the contradiction between that wickedness, and the essential goodness of individual Americans. It's about how a country, the freest and most decent, which pays lip service to the most wonderful ideals and really, sincerely, believes them, can have a monstrous foreign policy." Imperialism, he says, is bound to figure in his frame of reference: "We live, especially in England, in the age of the end of empire, and the beginning of a new type of American imperialism... We're living in an age where people who had no voice fifty years ago, now have voices. I think people like Rushdie and myself would have been joke figures in Kipling, if we'd got into Kipling. You know, *educated natives*. I hate seeing writers as part of a process, but when we look back on this period, the salient thing about Britain in the last thirty years is black and brown and yellow faces on the streets." He mentions Caryl Phillips, and later tells of how he and Phillips, on their way to a festival, were the only two writers to be stopped by Canadian immigration officials. "We were beckoned over. We came through at separate times, but we compared notes."

Mo is most comfortable with divers (a Labour voter of "muddled liberal" instincts, he still knows the value of a deep-sea Tory – "If there's a bit of danger, what you need is a Conservative self-employed businessman.") But although he doesn't much care for the company of other writers, he readily identifies with the novelists in the Booker-on-the-box generation; a generation which first made its presence felt, he says, with the publication of Ian McEwan's *First Love, Last Rites* in 1976. "It's the age of hype, yes, but there are six or seven very, very good writers." Unprompted, Mo guides me through his perfect novel.

"It would have Rushdie's command of prose, the intelligence of Swift and Barnes, Ishiguro's lucidity and subtlety, William Boyd's humour, McEwan's political sense..."

And nothing of your own?

"...and my advance."

(*An Insular Possession* is published by Picador on June 26th, £3.95.)

"A lot of older Chinese people don't like my work. They accuse me of being very hostile to the traditional Chinese way of doing things, which I am. The only aspect of China I can wholly endorse is the food."

M
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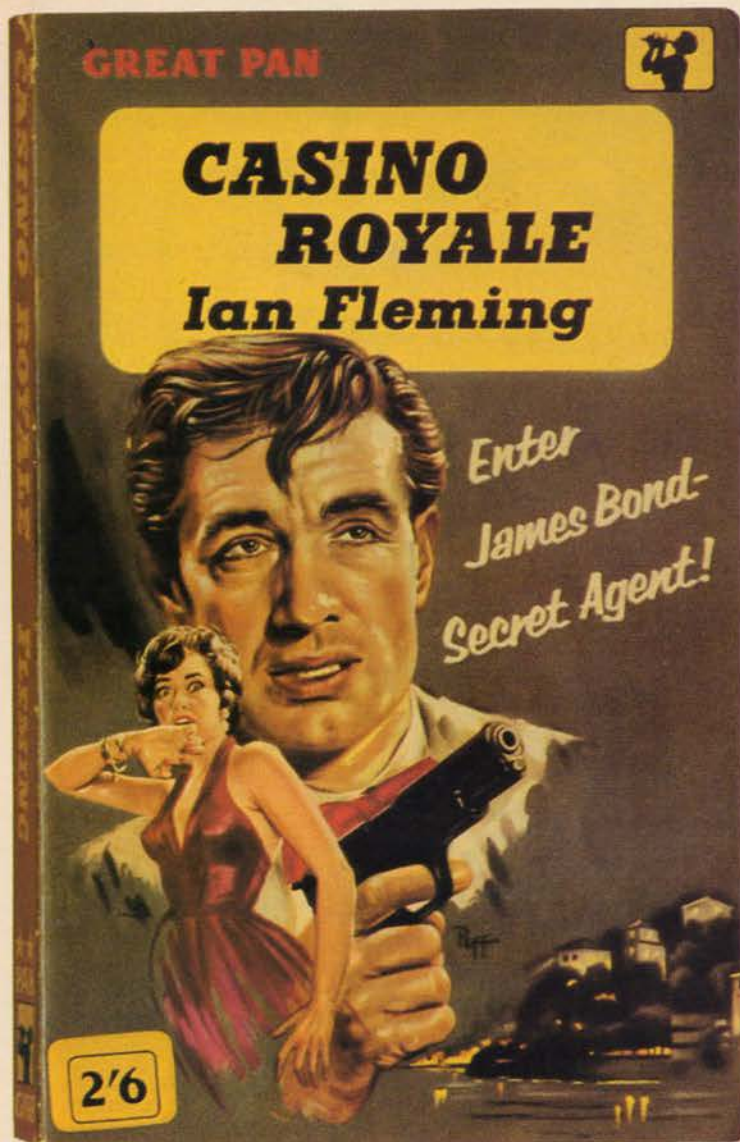
REPORT BY PATRICK HUMPHRIES

It's now twenty-five years since *Dr No*, the first James Bond film,



he scent and smoke and sweat of a casino are nauseating at three in the morning..." Thus did

with Sean Connery in the lead role and Ursula Andress making a memorable exit from the surf. Since then, the Bond films have become an institution and their appeal seems to be as strong as ever. This month the latest Bond film, *The Living Daylights*, is released with Timothy Dalton stepping into the secret agent's shoes.



the legend begin, with Ian Fleming's opening sentence for the first James Bond novel, *Casino Royale*, published in 1953. Fleming drew on his background of wartime intelligence work to fashion fiction's most durable spy: James Bond, 007, licensed to kill.

Fleming's creation, with his pedantic taste for good living, was very much a product of wartime austerity and post-war morality. In contrast to the immediate audience enthusiasm for the films, the Bond myth was a late developer in print. Fleming's books were steady sellers that divided readers into two camps: those who welcomed the escape into fantasy, and those like Paul Johnson, who in 1958 attacked Fleming in the *New Statesman* for his "sex, snobbery and sadism", while 1966 found John Le Carré bemoaning Bond as "the consumer-goods hero". It took the revelation in 1961 that President Kennedy included the sixth Bond novel, *From Russia With Love*, amongst his bedtime reading to give Fleming the fillip he needed – ironically, another Bond fan of that period was Lee Harvey Oswald.

John Pearson's biography of Fleming, published in 1966, made a convincing case that the Bond books were Fleming's "undercover autobiography", and certainly Fleming fantasised himself as a Bond figure: ruthless, a *bon viveur*; a man of action and sensual gourmet. Fleming's own background certainly served as the drawingboard for James Bond – a distinguished career at Eton, a spell spent reporting Stalin's show trials in Russia in the Thirties, and an intriguing six years spent in naval intelligence during the war. Fleming's career with *The Sunday Times* gave him the opportunity to travel and stockpile locations for the Bond books, which he effortlessly punched out from his Jamaica home at the rate of one a year between 1953 and his death in 1964 (*The Man With The Golden Gun* and *Octopussy* were published posthumously).

Undoubtedly, Fleming's wartime work was a formative influence on Bond – Pearson recounts, for example, the time Fleming received a letter from Aleister Crowley asking if his "magick" could be of use during the interrogation of Rudolf Hess, who had just been captured. (Fleming later based the physical characteristics of Le Chiffre, his villain in *Casino Royale*, on Crowley). And an incident during Fleming's tenure as a courier, in Lisbon in 1941, gave him the bones for the first 007 adventure: on hearing that German spies could be seen in the casino, Fleming fantasised about bankrupting his enemies, thereby depriving the Reich of valuable funds.

The name James Bond came from an ornithologist whose book *Birds Of The West Indies* was a favourite of Fleming's. "I wanted the simplest, dullest, plainest-▷



FROM THE TOP: Bonds we have known – Sean Connery, George Lazenby, Roger Moore. BELOW: the New Bond, Timothy Dalton.





ABOVE: George Lazenby and the Bond Girls of *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, including Joanna Lumley (front, seated), Julie Ege (far left) and Catherine Schell (far right). RIGHT: Sean Connery and Ursula Andress in the first Bond film, *Dr No*.



B > sounding name I could find," he later said. Peter Haining consequently tracked down a 'James Bond' in Agatha Christie's *The Listerdale Mystery* of 1934, as well as an 1898 Rudyard Kipling short story called .007.

N Bond's transition to the big screen was slow, despite considerable interest from a variety of sources. Shortly after the publication of *Casino Royale* in 1953, Fleming received three offers for rights on the book. He chose to accept a \$1,000 deal with the American CBS TV network for a one-hour TV special. Meanwhile, Sir Alexander Korda expressed interest in seeing an advance copy of the second Bond novel, *Live And Let Die*.

D Fleming himself was keen for Alfred Hitchcock to direct the Bond films, with David Niven starring as 007 (ironically, Niven did appear as 'Sir James Bond' in the 1967 spoof version of *Casino Royale*). Fleming let it be known that, failing Niven, he would settle for Richard Burton, James Mason or even James Stewart as his screen spy.

In 1955, though, such starry prospects seemed far off, despite Fleming's conviction that "one of these days the film and television rights of James Bond and his adventures may be worth quite a lot of money." CBS screened their TV special, but to little response. Frustrated by this apparent failure, Fleming sold off the cinema rights of *Casino Royale* to an independent producer for a mere \$6,000, and abandoned temporarily the sale of rights to the subsequent books, *Live And Let Die* and the third novel, *Moonraker*.

During the next three years, two further novels were published, *Diamonds Are Forever* and *From Russia With Love*, but no further attempts were made to film *Casino Royale*. In 1958, an approach by another American network, NBC, led inadvertently to the sixth Bond book. NBC had proposed an adventure series titled *Commander Jamaica* – nothing to do with the Bond character in fact – and Fleming wrote a pilot script. The project eventually foundered, but the pilot script served as the framework to *Dr No*. Meanwhile CBS returned to the negotiating table, suggesting a James Bond series. Fleming agreed and wrote six new rough storylines, but once again the project collapsed and three of the plots – one of them titled *From A View To A Kill* – materialised in the next Bond book, a short story anthology, *For Your Eyes Only*.

It was now seven years since the publication of *Casino Royale*, and despite a total of seven novels (*Goldfinger* was published in 1959), Fleming had got no nearer to transferring his character to the cinema screen. Tired of waiting for offers, he joined up with film director Kevin McClory to make his own film. Together with McClory and screenwriter Jack Whittingham, he bashed out a draft script. But when financing failed to arrive, Fleming lost interest. When he then used the draft as the basis to the next novel, *Thunderball*, he found himself on the receiving end of a breach of copyright writ.

Fleming's legal problems were amicably resolved, and later the same year, 1961, a Canadian producer working in England, Harry Saltzman, and an American, Albert 'Cubby' Broccoli, struck a deal with Fleming for the rights to the entire Bond canon with the exception of *Casino Royale*. A deal was subsequently made with McClory to film *Thunderball*. It seemed time at last for James Bond to reach the cinema screen.

Saltzman and Broccoli speedily arranged funding and shortlisted Roger Moore and Patrick McGeehan to play Bond. In the end, though, neither was able to free themselves from their respective television commitments, *The Saint* and *Danger Man*. In 1961, Fleming wrote enthusiastically in a letter to a friend, "Saltzman thinks he has found an absolute corker, a 30-year-old Shakespearian actor, ex-Navy boxing champion... and even, he says, intelligent!"

In fact, Saltzman's description of his chosen star, an actor by the name of Sean Connery, was probably designed more to appease Fleming's rather snobbish tastes than to be accurate. Connery, a Scot from a rather humble Glasgow background, was by no means a Shakespearian actor, but had appeared in a few

small-time British B-movies. But certainly he had the cruel physical quality Saltzman wanted. "For a big man he moves light on his feet, like a cat," claimed the producer.

The first James Bond film, *Dr No*, was budgeted at a modest £600,000, less than the cost of a single set for 1976's *The Spy Who Loved Me*. Its success on opening in late 1962 was immediate. Director Terence Young feels certain why: "It was a question of timing. I think we arrived in not only the right year, but the right week of the right month... What happened was that Ian Fleming's stories arrived in a dead, grey period. All the realistic 'kitchen sink' dramas were weighing everything down". From Connery's first onscreen appearance, introducing himself as "Bond... James Bond", the series was off and running.

For many, the best screen Bond has always been Connery. He stayed with the series for five films; until 1967 and *You Only Live Twice*, when he announced that he would never play Bond again. A frantic search was made for a replacement – the names of Lee Marvin, Richard Burton and Adam West, TV's Batman, were suggested. But even as late as three weeks before filming on *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* was due to start, no firm decision on a replacement had been reached. Saltzman and Broccoli flew to London to try one last time to twist Connery's arm, but to no avail. As the producers boarded a plane back to the States it was announced that an Australian, a former car salesman and actor in commercials, George Lazenby, would be the new James Bond.

The film's extremely poor box-office performance seemed to confirm Connery in the public eye as James Bond. Connery returned for *Diamonds Are Forever* when the Bond film studio United Artists made him an offer he couldn't refuse: the then-unheard-of salary of \$1.5 million (he donated \$1 million to his own Scottish International Education Trust), a bonus of \$10,000 a week if the film overran schedule, and a promise that UA would back the production of two other films of Connery's choice.

Certainly, from the very beginning, Connery had personified Bond – the vodka martinis, shaken, of course, never stirred; the flat off the King's Road; the preference for the Beretta over the Walther PPK. The successful formula of the Bond films was evident at the outset – Connery's laconic Bond, the pliable girls, the exotic locations, Ken Adam's set designs, Monty Norman's catchy theme and the suitably megalomaniac villain. (In *Dr No*, Joseph Wiseman eventually played the eponymous evil scientist only after Noel Coward had declined the role.)

Connoisseurs rate the second Bond film, *From Russia With Love*, as the best. The budget was doubled, the gadgets are introduced, in the form of Bond's utility

briefcase, and Bond is pitted against two memorable villains – Lotte Lenya's Rosa Klebb, complete with deadly shoes, and Robert Shaw's Red Grant, whom Bond suspects when he orders red wine with fish! The plot remains faithful to the Fleming original – a fact which, latterly, has been too easily overlooked.

Goldfinger in 1964 was when the madness took over, Bondmania rivalled only that of The Beatles, and helped set the seal on the image of Swinging London in the Sixties. That film is best remembered for Bond's Aston Martin DB7, complete with ejector seat, machine guns, revolving numberplates. Like Elvis Presley's Cadillac in the Fifties, Bond's Aston Martin was sent on tour (how many little men from the Corgi model of the car are still lying under sofas and sideboards today?). By *Thunderball* in 1965, the locations are more colourful, the gadgets more unbelievable, the plots more unlikely, but throughout Connery's years, the films at least pay lip service to Fleming's originals. For *You Only Live Twice*, the largest film set ever constructed in Britain was built for the climax, Blofeld's volcano launch-pad.

After George Lazenby had his fifteen minutes of fame, Roger Moore was recruited for *Live & Let Die* in 1973. Where Connery's Bond was a physical creation, Moore always looked as though he was taking time off from a Burton's window. His Bond relied too heavily on increasingly ludicrous plots, spurious gadgetry and a series of ornamental female companions. For the next ten years, the plots, girls and gadgets of, say, *The Spy Who Loved Me*, *For Your Eyes Only* and *A View To A Kill* were interchangeable. All subtlety, invention and wit disappeared, and the Bond films became production-line efforts to make money. And make money they did; exact box office takes are difficult to obtain, but admissions for the 'official' fourteen Bond films are now edging the two billion mark (and that's without access to China).

During the course of twenty-six years the Bond films have inspired a host of imitators. The Bond-mania of the Sixties was even enough to encourage the adaptation in 1967 of *Casino Royale*. This odd farrago did have its moments but, played for laughs rather than thrills, suffered hugely from hype and over-inventiveness. Made in five segments by five different directors (one of them being John Huston), the cast included Peter Sellers, David Niven, Peter O'Toole, Orson Welles and even Woody Allen, who added his own mark with lines like, "If you'd like, we could run amok, or if you're not up to that, how about walking amok?"

More substantial was 1983's *Never Say Never Again*, which marked Connery's return to the role in what amounted to a remake by Kevin McClory of *Thunderball*, to which he had kept the rights. It was the best Bond in some twenty years, with Connery greeted by Alec McCowen as 'Q' looking forward to "more gratuitous sex and violence". Edward Fox's crusty 'M' has a 1980's concern about 007's smoking and intake of red meat; Klaus Maria Brandauer is a suitably sinister villain and the plot harkens back to the halcyon days of *From Russia With Love*, much of the wit coming courtesy of scriptwriters Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais, who were denied a screen credit.

Timothy Dalton is an encouraging choice as the new 007. He was approached twice before, but eventually succumbed for *The Living Daylights*, which takes its title from a Fleming short story that appeared in the first issue of the Sunday Times Magazine in 1962. Promisingly, Dalton says: "What I've tried to do is present the character of Bond as Fleming intended. *Dr No* is my favourite Bond film, it captures Fleming the best of all. In my opinion, the best one, classically speaking, is *Goldfinger*. The structure of this film, the form it took, the performances in it."

The essential appeal of James Bond has been that of escapism, Fleming's early books, like Evelyn Waugh in *Brideshead Revisited*, celebrated a world free of rationing, of high-living amidst the drudgery of post-war austerity. The Bond films became synonymous with a new, brighter Britain, which gave the world the impression that London was the hub of a bright, trendy wheel. Throughout the Seventies terrorism, inflation and oil shortages never upset the fantasy world of 007.

Quite how James Bond will fare in the days of AIDS and the real fears of nuclear radiation will not be revealed until the end of June. Villainwise, Dalton is in good company – he's up against Joe Don Baker, so memorable as Darius Jedburgh in the BBC's *Edge Of Darkness*. The only Ian Fleming titles now left are *Quantum Of Solace*, *Risico*, *The Hilderbrand Rarity* and *The Property Of A Lady*, but even when they dry up, the moguls won't let that stop them. Dalton looks set for a healthy innings.

After twenty-five years, the James Bond films are cinema's longest-running series. As James Bond comes to terms with the Eighties, casual sex has to be played down, but the Russians are still the villains – even if of the cardboard variety. Ian Fleming designed his books as escapist fluff, a safety valve, but as Conan Doyle found when he plunged Sherlock Holmes over the Reichenbach Falls, fictional characters can simply refuse to die. How far away that sunny January day thirty-five years ago when Fleming sat down and casually wrote the opening of *Casino Royale*. In 1956, Fleming wrote to his friend Raymond Chandler of the burgeoning Bond phenomenon: "You, after all, write 'novels of suspense' – if not sociological studies – whereas my books are straight pillow fantasies of the bang-bang, kiss-kiss variety!"



FROM THE TOP: Shirley Eaton gets the gold paint treatment for *Goldfinger*; Richard Kiel as 'Jaws' strangling Roger Moore in *The Spy Who Loved Me*; Lotte Lenya as Rosa Klebb and Robert Shaw as Red Grant in *From Russia With Love*.



new york living

As clothing becomes less and less something which you simply put on, it takes on completely new meaning as it clashes with the wearer's personality. As designers continue to produce minimal, simple clothes based on shape and proportion, the wearer is able to reshape them to suit their own personal needs. Done without disregard to the clothing, the purpose is to show the versatility of these garments and their adaptability into the modern wardrobe.

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On July 2nd Jacques Chirac will officially start this year's **TOUR DE FRANCE** and for the first time in 25 years a British team will be taking part. Sorrel Downer reports on the wheels and deals of the world's greatest cycle race. Photograph by Graham Watson.

The recent notable successes of homegrown riders like Robert Millar and Sean Kelly together with the British public's newfound interest in cycling has prompted increasing interest from British firms in the sport, and so it will be in the colours of the ANC Halfords team that the likes of Malcolm Elliott, Joe McGoughlin and veteran Graham Jones will take part in this year's Tour De France. Dreams of victory, however, are probably over optimistic. As Jones himself says, "Three and a half weeks is a long time to go without somebody crashing or getting seriously ill, but it would be nice to see six or seven riders finishing. To finish high up overall, you've got to be really strong in every facet of the race, but there's every chance of pulling off a stage, and that would be great for a first time effort."

While a British team victory seems little more than a longshot, British cyclists riding for other teams, like Sean Kelly and Stephen Roche, are among the main contenders. Last year the American Greg LeMond made history and broke a European monopoly when he crossed the finish line ahead of his teammate and French national hero Bernard Hinault. Now, with LeMond recovering after being shot in the back in a hunting accident and Hinault in retirement, this year's Tour may well see an English rider vying for first place. Although one of the Tour officials gallantly remarked that this prospect was "no problem... very, very interesting", nationalistic fervour runs somewhat higher within the teams.

While it's understood that you ride for your sponsor and not for your country, British riders in foreign teams don't on the whole have an easy time. Apart from the extreme loneliness, language difficulties and the problems in adapting to a different lifestyle, a French team will prefer a French rider to win, McGoughlin's been considering the lucrative possibilities of moving to the continent: "But I don't know. In a French or Spanish team, you do get singled out as being different and you have a difficult time communicating. I don't know whether I could get over that - you know, people ignoring you for months".

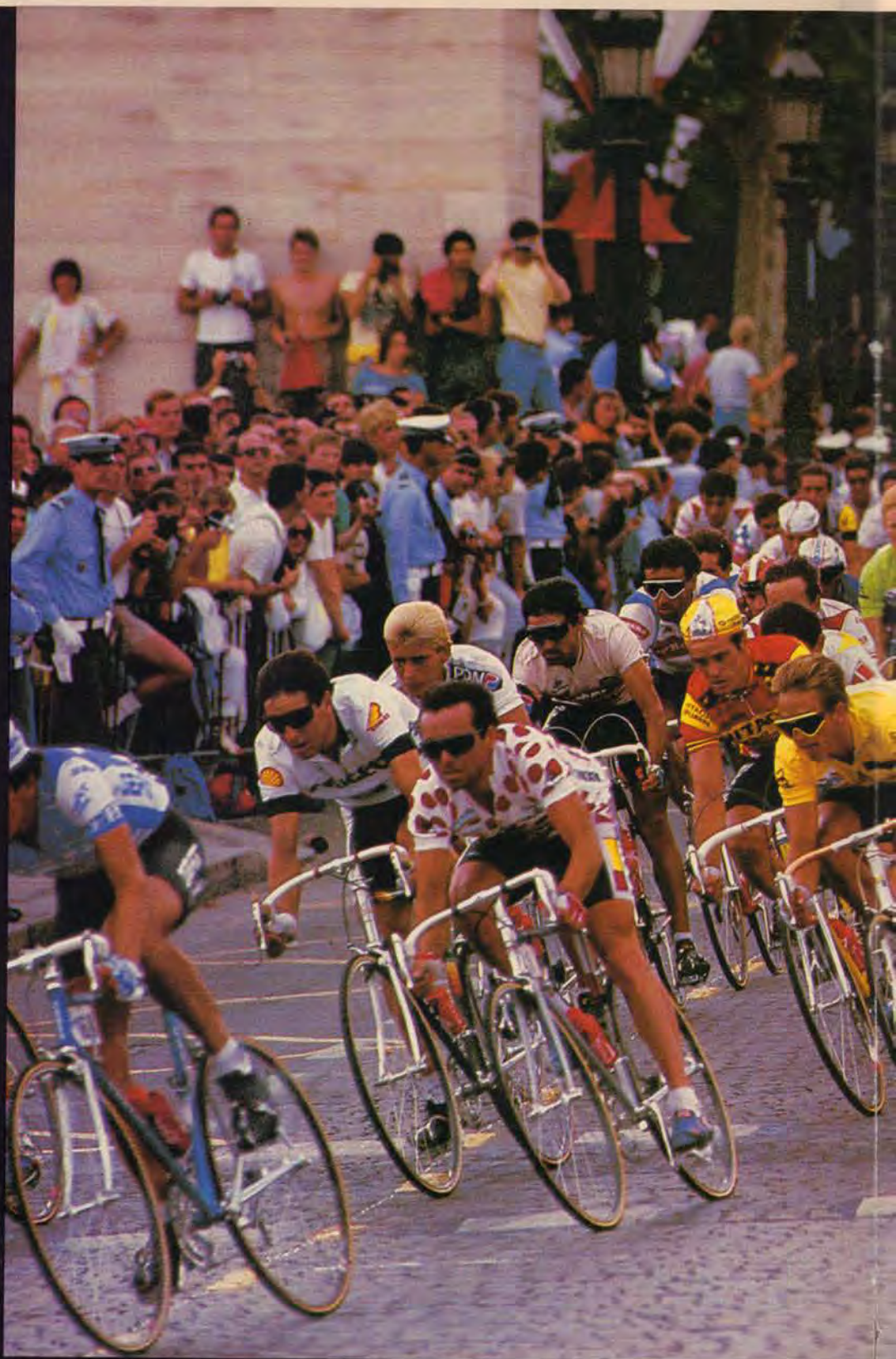
LeMond, who rides for the French team La Vie Claire, once commented bitterly that his potential had been stunted because he was American, and that if he'd been born in France he would have been much more successful. Last year he found himself in direct competition with Hinault when they should have been working together, and when Hinault went as far as to enlist the help of a Spanish rider on another team to gain a lead over him, LeMond was in a state of shock: "I really can't understand his attitude, that he wants to win so bad that he'd

stick me in the back. You just can't trust anybody."

Having to race against his own team as well as the pack was an additional strain and not something likely to endear him to Hinault's many supporters. It occurred to him that if he attempted to overtake Hinault he was likely to be pushed off the Alps. "They're looking to fry me out there," he commented.

The rivalries aren't limited to La Vie Claire. Millar and the Australian Alan Piper found it equally difficult in the French Peugeot team. "A lot of them don't like it if we speak English because of their one-tracked chauvinistic ways," Piper said at the time. "But you've got to work like a team. Not fisticuffs".

Not only is racing complicated by nationalistic frictions, but also by a network of inter-management deals. The success of a tactical deal can be a deciding factor in a race. When Millar fell back from a massive lead in the Tour Of Spain in 1985 he said, "It was Berland's fault I lost". Berland was the Peugeot manager. Millar had seemed set to be the first British rider to win a major European race, but while repairing a puncture, two days away from the finishing line, two Spanish riders overtook him. When Millar rejoined the pack at the front, his team members weren't around to tell him what had happened, and the blackboard that should have shown him he'd lost his lead didn't appear until, conveniently, it was too late. Those up around





Millar at the time were Spanish themselves and weren't about to spoil the chances of a national victory by helping him regain his lead, despite Berland's alleged offer of financial reward. Later Berland remarked, "But everything was arranged so that he could win. There were people who just didn't behave properly, that's all."

It's common knowledge that individual riders as well as whole teams can be bought to help out. The French cyclist Alain Meslet once announced that he had always sold his services to anyone who had wanted them. Joe McGoughlin explains, "It doesn't happen all the time, and it's not worked out before the race. It just depends on the situation. Maybe there's a few blokes up the

road; two that aren't going to help because they're in a position to do well themselves, but a third guy who's got nothing to win because he can't outstrip the other three. He'll be approached and told if he helps the fourth rider, he'll be looked after financially. That's good for him, because at least when he goes home, he'll have earned some money, and maybe have even got a contract for the next year."

The pressure to win is immense and with so much money at stake it leads inevitably to corruption. After Tom Simpson collapsed and died on amphetamines during the '67 Tour, dope testing was introduced at all racing events, but drug usage is still rife, as one disillusioned ex-professional told me: "It's a big game to beat the

test. They can only test for the drugs they know, and if you know the right people, you know what drugs they don't have on their little list. A lot of money changes hands there. It's pretty much out of control really. On the continent you're fighting a losing battle – you're always going to get cheating, that's part and parcel of it. To be quite honest, most professional racing is a travelling circus, and the Tour De France is just a show; a means of gaining publicity for the sponsors. There's a lot of money involved and it's not good clean fun by any means. Most people don't realise that."

The Tour De France: the best cyclists in the world playing a game of tactics. Not to be missed. ●

hustlers

REPORT BY RICHARD GRANT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL YOUNG

The typical British pool or snooker hustler is a young, unemployed male with time on his hands and a talent for exploiting the gullible side of human nature. For a few years the hustler can delude himself into Fast Eddie dreams of wealth and glamour before the realization hits that he's just another cheap con merchant leading a ruthless and lonely existence.

T

he decor is seedy, even for a snooker hall in the back-end of Bristol: low, nicotine-coloured ceiling, grubby walls peeling off their seventh coat or so of nicotine-coloured paint and those opium den yellow lights with the tasselled shades. Two wizened old regulars shuffle around one of the end tables.

A week ago Mick spent a couple of evenings here, looking for potential victims and adding to the festering carpet of cigarette butts. He stayed on the sidelines, taking careful note of the speed of the tables, the strength of the cushions and three student types playing amongst themselves for £2 a frame. He wore glasses, shabby nondescript clothes and his hair was lank and unwashed.

Today he looks entirely different: clean jeans and T-shirt, no glasses and a freshly cut flat-top. No-one recognises him. Mick has a friend with him and both of them seem to be drunk, taking big pulls on a bottle half-filled with watered-down whisky in full view of everyone except the management. As predicted, the students are there again and the two hustlers choose a nearby table. They give a running commentary on the students' game and their own and, after another bout of ostentatious drinking, crack some dismal jokes of the 'bloke walks into a pub with a parrot on his



H ▸ shoulder' variety, which they laugh at loudly. Snooker halls are traditionally silent places, apart from the clunk of the balls and the occasional wheezy cough, and their behaviour is not appreciated. The students, keen to do the right thing, give Mick and his accomplice some long hard stares. So far the 'Two Prats Hustle', loosely based on Tom Cruise's goofy jerk in *The Colour Of Money*, is running according to plan. Draw attention to yourself. Convince the victim you are a drunken fool. Make him hate your guts and want to teach you a lesson.

S The two prats play three frames. The final one is engineered to depend on the black. Whoever pots it wins the frame, the match and the two pounds on the side of the table. Mick waits until the students are watching and then cheats by touching the white ball with his cue before playing the stroke. This sets off an ugly row, Mick refuses to admit tht he cheated and the second prat storms out, cursing and blaspheming. All eyes on Mick.

He calls over the student waiting to play on the other table and loses two frames to him by repeatedly snookering himself. Third frame they play for a pound. Mick loses again, pulls out his money for the next one and lets a couple of tenners fall to the floor. The victim, a geography student in a trilby hat, sees the money and grins slyly at his friends. He's got his own cue and he obviously fancies himself as a bit of a hustler. Some of the easiest marks have seen the films. They get hung up on the lowlife romance of it all, shooting pool (or playing snooker) for money just like Fast Eddie, and invariably cast themselves in the leading role. "Shall we make it a bit more interesting? I'll play you for two quid, pal," the victim says, trying to look poker-faced and smoke his Silk Cuts real cool.

By now Mick is in full flow; he slurs his words, trips over twice and infuriates the victim by complimenting him on every shot. As planned, the second prat returns exactly an hour after his dramatic exit and tells Mick loudly what a drunken bastard he is, and how he deserves to blow all his money again like last week. Sure enough, Mick raises the stakes to a fiver and loses the frame, 'accidentally' potting the pink when he needs snookers. Before setting up the balls again, Mick fools around and makes a difficult trick shot off six cushions. "Bet you a fiver I can do that again." It sounds like whisky bravado and the money hits the table, but Mick makes the shot again and picks up five pounds for twenty seconds' work. Trick shots are risky, a dead giveaway to anyone on the look-out for a hustler, but Mick is convinced that the victim is hooked.

Now, by cunning use of the intentional fluke – one of the hustler's most useful shots because it makes money without endangering the victim's confidence – Mick starts to win frames, and at the end of the night he walks out with £50. Of the nine frames played he won only four. This is the essence of hustling: the victim is trying to win a match of snooker or pool and can be allowed to because the hustler is *only* trying to win money – in effect the match is played on two different levels. Unaware of the strategic nature of the hustler's betting tactics, most victims will continue to gamble as long as they stay ahead on frames. Psychologically they feel like they're winning.

Even though tonight was easier than normal – the victim had even raised the stakes himself – Mick swears his technique always works with students.

"They're bread and butter to me. Always got the old grant cheque and a bit of cash to burn. Tell the truth, I don't think they've got a clue what's going on in the

real world. Him tonight, he'll be ready for a few more quid next week because he still thinks he's a better player than me. And why shouldn't he? He won five frames to my four and most of mine looked like flukes. Once they get hooked, get the bug, you can take them five or six times. The last time you can win nine frames for a tenner each and, if you're good, they still won't realise they've been hustled."

The geography student is looking at a £200 hole in his grant over the course of the next two months if Mick's predictions are as accurate as he claims.

A good hustler can walk into a pub or club and within minutes spot his victim, a doomed and ignorant creature to be carefully lured into a disastrous cycle of bets that will hopefully guarantee his financial ruin. The hustler plays on the victim's pride in his game and the basic weakness in some humans for gambling. Mick explains what he watches for: "You look for the bloke who reckons himself a bit. You can see it in their eyes, they look like they've got something to prove. Even you'll be able to see it once they're hooked. It's like, 'You wanker, you were lucky to take that one but you're going to lose the next.'"

The basics of the hustle – lose enough games to convince the victim he's winning on merit, escalate the stakes before winning, never win by too much – remain the same, but the style varies according to the hustler and the victim. Every hustler will tell you that he is the one who knows best.

Jimmy is a fiercely paranoid young man, who wanted to be known as "Mr X from somewhere in East London" for the purpose of this article, because of possible "aggravation" from some "nasty-looking geezers" he's ripped off in the past. Eventually he

agreed that there were probably several Jimmys somewhere in East London. I asked him what he thought of Mick's drunken clown technique.

"All that Tom Cruise bollocks, yeah, I know what you mean. He's bin watching too many films, simple as that. It's all bollocks, you don't need to pull that kind of stunt. Act like a cunt round 'ere and there's gonna be trouble. Even if the punter doesn't suss you, someone else will and you won't get no more games in the place."

Not being much of an actor, Jimmy prefers a subtler approach, relying on the occasional comment and the mechanics of the game. But even with this low-risk policy things don't always turn out as planned. Last night he was playing some huge monster of a builder in a pub, shooting pool for £20 a game. The monster was clearly unaccustomed to losing a week's wages to some skinny little kid and had taken it hard. He threw a hundred on the floor and stomped out, muttering dark and incoherent threats. Jimmy took the money and said nothing about the outstanding fifty. There was not a lot he could have done without large violent friends or weapons. In future he will go accompanied by the huge and vicious-looking knife he bought this morning.

The hustle had been sweet as well, just like the movies. Jimmy lost twenty convincingly at five a game and waited for the monster to guzzle his usual ten pints or so. It took twelve in the end, Jimmy was keeping count, but eventually the booze took over.

"See, that's the thing about pool," Jimmy explains. "A lotta geezers play their best game at a certain level of pissedness, but if you go above that you're fucked. That's what happened to that fat bastard last night. He was a good player, almost as good as me, which





don't happen too often, but he drunk the last four pints too fast."

Most hustlers stick to small-time stuff and generally pull in about £150 in a good week, plus dole and rent, with little trouble. But the big money is in arranged snooker matches, and up to £1,000 a frame is not uncommon. The stakes are put up by money men and the players get a cut of the winnings. In the 'big league' there are strict rules of etiquette, the first of which is that both players must play their best games all the way. No hustling.

Although it is theoretically possible, especially in Hollywood, for a hustler to operate in this environment, most of them don't even bother trying. Charlie Lorang, a retired hustler from Bristol, soon to be appearing on Channel 4's *Network 7* programme talking about his disreputable past, explains the dangers: "The hustle has to be so subtle and perfect, Oscar-winning stuff, because one slip-up and you're dead meat. You're gambling with your hands and legs. And you can't get away with the usual stuff because most of those serious snooker players are hustlers or ex-hustlers themselves. They know the score. You've got to be Ice Man because at the end of the day it's a whole different ball game."

He goes on to describe the West Country equivalent of the scene in *The Hustler* where Paul Newman gets his fingers broken.

"It was in this really dingy club in South Bristol. A bloke came in from up North somewhere and tried to hustle Dave, this guy I know in there – not a smart idea because Dave is about 35 years old and built like a barn. He's also a good player and not a bad hustler himself. So after a couple of frames Dave says, 'Let's

cut the bullshit and play for £300.' The bloke goes out to his car and comes back with a one-piece willow cue, for Christ's sake, top of the range, and one of those little silver cubes for his chalk. He loses the frame and ups the stakes to £500. Well, he ended up thrashing Dave, pissed on him, 75 breaks and everything. The guy could really play. Anyway, he's just got his hands on the grand lying on the side of the table and WHOOMP, he gets a cue smacked round the back of his head. Then Dave grabs his hair, stuffs his head in the pocket and says, 'Don't you ever come here and try that again. I'm going to take this grand for the inconvenience.' Then a bunch of Dave's mates took him into the bog and stuffed the one-piece willow cue up his arse."

This is a classic example of a good player being a terrible hustler. You never play with your own cue, and you never show off, even playing in a pub for pints. Talent and skill are really secondary, only useful for intentional flukes, rattling the balls out of the pockets, sending the white in off, and for those rare occasions when the victim can actually play well. Even so the hustler should never have to play his best game. It's a dangerous compromise of his anonymity, which is his main advantage in luring fresh victims. This is Mick's problem: his theatrical approach has given him a reputation and he's running out of venues where people fall for it. Not that he's particularly worried; there are plenty of students in Bristol completely ignorant of the pool and snooker grapevine.

As Jimmy says, all the hustler really needs to do is lose a game convincingly and be able to win when it counts. The trick is to find the right victim and introduce the betting without arousing suspicion. A popular technique is for two hustlers to enter a pub separately and then meet at the pool table as if by chance. This way they can start gambling between themselves and hopefully tempt some poor fool nearby into grabbing a piece of the action. Of course the risk is that the opponent will quit while he's ahead, simply walk out with an easy tenner and leave the hustler looking stupid. However, it's impossible to find a hustler who will admit to being suckered like this; they all pride themselves on their deep understanding of human nature. Charlie, who has seen *The Colour Of Money* three times, calls himself "a student of human moves."

"I can tell a person's game from two shots and their life story from four," he tells me with a straight face. "The hustler must have extraordinary powers of perception, be able to understand what makes any human tick. Also he must be able to hold his booze, because you must never lose concentration or control. And self-confidence is crucial as well. You *have* to be egocentric, believe in yourself to an extreme so that you don't think twice about betting your last pound on yourself... I used to wake up dreaming of eight balls and believing I was the god of the pool table. And I'm even better at snooker!"

So why did he quit then? Time for Charlie's big 'I was a man alone' speech.

"It's a lonely existence, Christ, you have to keep your cards very close to your chest. None of my friends knew what I was doing; they just know me as a very good snooker and pool player. You see, to hustle you have to be a lone wolf... I was the lone wolf. You're playing mind games all day, never being yourself, and you can end up living a lie."

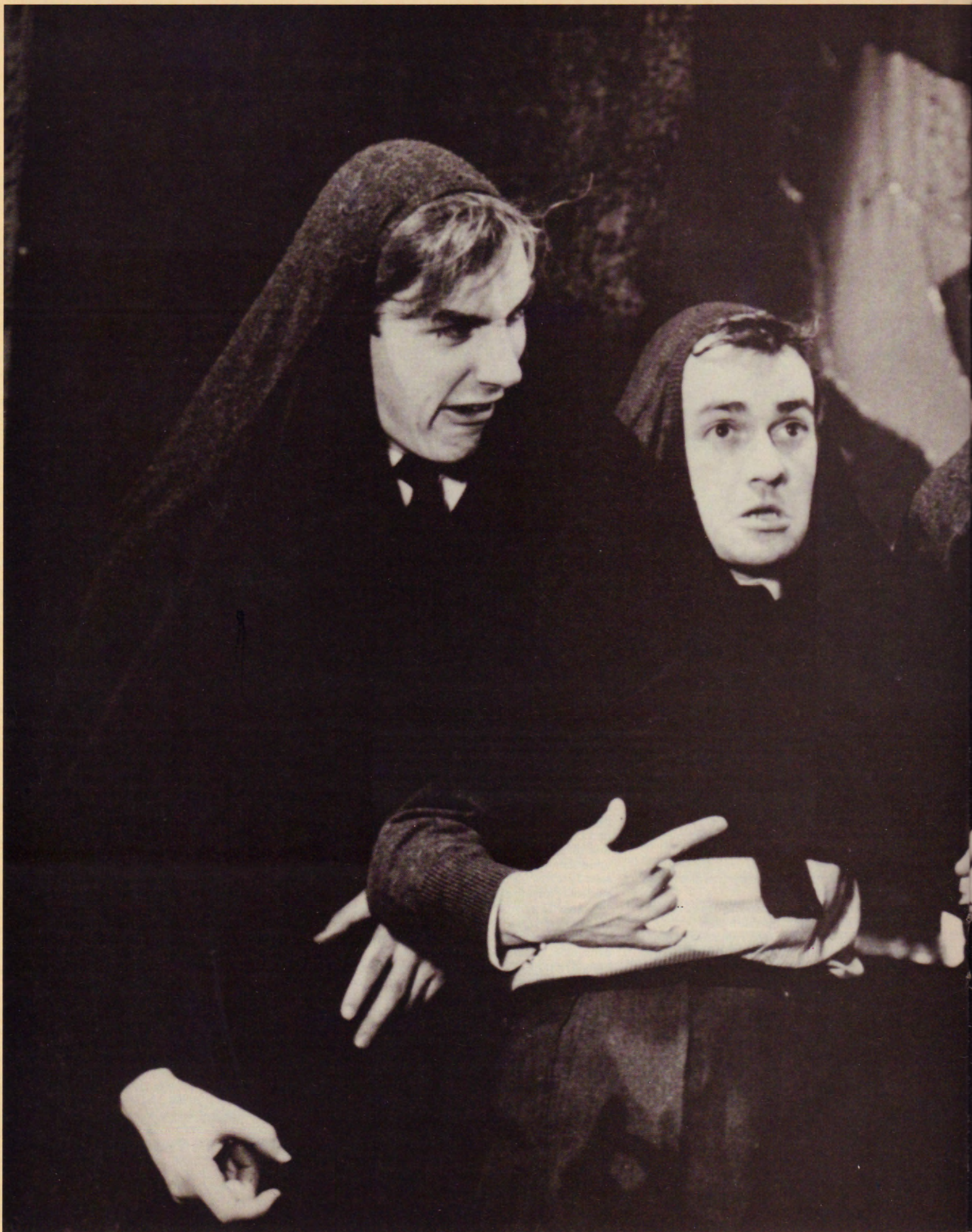
Charlie hustled for about three years, before the thrill went out of it. (Now he wants to be a television

"Once they get hooked, get the bug, you can take them five or six times. The last time you can win nine frames for a tenner each and, if you're good, they still won't realise they've been hustled."

presenter.) This is fairly typical of the young hustler. Although most of them will claim that they only do it for the money, and right now it's better than waiting for that poxy Giro, they are undeniably drawn by the glamour and excitement promoted by the films. It seems like a *cool* thing to be doing, and it's usually two, three years before they realise it's a dead end. A very small minority turn professional, but hustling full-time is not a good career.

Mike is a melancholy drunk who's been doing it for twenty years now, and his eyes and nerves are going. He's had two jobs since leaving school, and his prospects on retirement look dismal. "It's a rut," he says, rubbing his grizzled face with its fast-approaching whisky tan, "just going around the same old pubs and clubs for twenty years. I've dug myself a big hole now, I'm trapped. What else can I do?"

Mike is also prone to long moaning sessions about "those ruddy films." He thinks they have wised up a lot of potential victims and produced a big crop of hustlers, unwelcome competition. Also he feels bitter about their romantic portrayal of the hustler. "It's a shitty way to make a living," he keeps saying. "I'm not worried about the morality of it or nothing, but it's the way you spend your life. You spend all your time in smelly old pubs, drinking and smoking, living like a bum really. My brother-in-law, he's a chartered accountant and I've always hated him, but he's been telling me that for years. And the bastard is right... I'm like that old bloke in that ruddy film, the first one, you know? I want to settle down and run my own snooker club. But I don't make that kind of money – I haven't even got a bank account – and I'm not likely to now. I reckon I've got a year or two left at most." ●



BEYOND THE FRINGE



On the evening of May 10th, 1961, Beyond The Fringe opened at the Fortune Theatre in London. The show ran for four years and made stars of the four writer-performers — Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore and Jonathan Miller. The show's original script has now been republished under the title of The Complete Beyond The Fringe. John Hind reports.

As, in retrospect, part of a broad satirical movement, *Beyond The Fringe* encouraged a return to the fruity free speech and lampoonery prevalent in the 18th century, took the new political tone of Cambridge Footlights humour to a wide audience, incorporated the do-lally depths of meaning of The Goon Show, and generally did its very best to propagate an anti-establishment tone for the Sixties.

It must have been a *bizarre* evening, at least, when Harold Macmillan came along to the theatre and watched Peter Cook — nostrils flared like a dim-witted-horse — blabbering post-colonial inanities in a cutting spoof of the self-same PM. "We have our own Nuclear Striking Force," explains Cook, "...with a range of one hundred and fifty miles, which means we can just about get Paris — and, by God, we will!" In another 'sketch' Alan Bennett makes nonsense of a Fifties-style Civil Defence conference: "...You see, before they press that button they've got to get on the telephone to Number 10, Downing Street, and say, 'Now look, Mr Macmillan, sir, can I press this button?' And Mr Macmillan will say 'yes' — or 'no' — as the mood takes him."

Macmillan and nuclear politics, needless to say, take a large crack of the satirical whip (one sketch even contains raspberry-blowing 'sung' along to the word 'Macmillan'); but there's also room for the piss-taking of sycophancy towards royalty, 'modern' vicars ("Don't call me vicar — call me Dick — that's the sort of vicar I am"), British war-films, church sermons (Alan Bennett pre-dating scenes in Python's *Life Of Brian* by 18 years), capital punishment, religious prophets of doom, and — in one cutting scenario — educated journalists who nevertheless conform in their writings for right-wing rags. The latter sketch fits the Murdoch Eighties perfectly. "There are about ten of us on the paper," goes one line. "Young, progressive liberal people who don't believe a word we are writing."

Many of the best ideas, though, come in the form of more surreal or pseudo-academic material. Bennett and Miller's 'Words... & Things' routine (more latterly updated by Miller and John Cleese at Amnesty International shows) is classic stuff, wrestling with Wittgenstein, Hegel and "This great heterogeneous, confusing and confused jumble of political, social and economic relationships we call Society". Cook, in a solo piece concerning pit-ponies and judges, is shown already well into his EL Wisty-isms, developing his truly individual blend of anguish, blandness and surrealism which reached a peak in the Seventies with the 'man-on-the-street-turned-iconoclast' Derek & Clive albumtrilogy.

In comparison, Bennett (most recently screenwriter for *Prick Up Your Ears*) shows an early forté for slowly and subtly subverting small-town conformity. Miller's best moment included here is a short and sweet piss-take of Bertrand Russell (a monologue not incorporated into the show until 1964, by which time it was well established on Broadway). The book also includes the scores to all Dudley Moore's Fringe piano ditties. A brief update: Dudley Moore is now an American, Dr Miller has an MBE, Alan Bennett still looks funnier than David Hockney, and Peter Cook lives in Hampstead and watches television a lot. ●

(The Complete Beyond The Fringe is published by Methuen, £5.95.)

(LEFT TO RIGHT: Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, Alan Bennett, Jonathan Miller.)





" Junkie Confessions of a **a** Simple Mind

another page in the diary... time to write down something more of myself... After two weeks of struggling through scores of interviews for European magazines, putting up with appalling ignorance and arrogance, after being bothered with such sick idiocies, perhaps here I can discover my own reasons and my own obsessions. My own reason for being... Whenever I strayed close to wondering about such things in front of some underpaid, undernourished journalist, I could see their eyes glaze over, and they would try to drag the conversation back towards the definite, or at least to their own ways of being definite... Trapped for fourteen days in front of a cunning display of Sony microphones suffering what Cocteau called the eternal inaccuracy of journalists... Today, I use my diary to get it all out of my system, the tedium, the quarrels, the stupidity... Some days are good days,

INTERVIEW BY PAUL MORLEY PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE SPELLER

▷ alive and meaningful, and some days are bad days. I've just had fourteen bad days.

I remember when the only thing that mattered for me was being put onto the cover of the *New Musical Express*... Back in the days when we were kind of loved because we were kind of small... because we were kind of lovable. The days when we were living from day to day, it was all spur of the moment, and who knew what was going to happen to me, to us... If you had asked me back then what would be happening to me in five years' time, I think where I am now is the last place in the world that I would have thought of, not just in terms of the record sales and the ticket sales, but in my private life, in who I am, in what I am becoming... all of that is just amazing. And I have an independence that I absolutely relish... I now have the tools to do battle with my own ignorance. If I want to know about anything, I do it, I don't have to read about it. I get on a plane and I go to the Sahara, I don't have to read somebody writing about it.

These journalists nagging on so naively about what it's like to be famous, to be a rock star... they couldn't understand that with me there's a graciousness

involved, that I could never sacrifice myself to the shamelessness that there can be. There is something within me that will always keep a distance from the clichés, the obviousness, and even in keeping a distance, it's done in my own way, with my own understandings and expectations... Nothing is so obvious to me that I can slip through it easily inside forty-five minutes with some journalist. They probably all thought I'm over-defensive and much too cautious, but that's just too bad... My biggest fear when I do those interviews is of appearing smug. I must *not* be smug... and then maybe it appears that I don't really know what I'm talking about. Perhaps it's because journalists are always interested in the results of something, and my main concern is the *essence* of something... I just cannot commit myself to the gross generalisations that are necessary, or so it seems, when you're doing the interview... Morley said I was just being silly, the bastard, that the pop interview was just a lightweight arrangement of thoughts and conceits that might or might not be interesting and that by now I should be in much better control of the situation. I would have to get Morley after doing fourteen days of the crap... He likes to think he's

Robin Day or something, and you can never tell if he really means it when he asks a question... He even laughed at me, the bastard, when I said that I just wanted to be as honest as I could...

Maybe I do take it all too seriously... As a band we always seem to be too serious. Should I apologise for that? As people we all have a tremendous sense of humour, but it never seems to appear in the music... I could sit in a room until the end of time and try and analyse why and never find out. Humour should come through more in what I do, in the band's music, it would seem a lot more realistic, maybe I'd be better off. Perhaps I do worry about things too much, maybe I should be more at ease with being interviewed... But I feel at ease enough. I'm at ease with myself, I admit my solitude. But I can never be at ease during an interview, when some person is spending a few minutes or hours with me to then go away and pretend to completely know what I'm about. I'm ill at ease during an interview because I can never communicate properly the organic nature of what it is I do, what the band does. So I always come across as being ill at ease.

I'm at ease when I make and write the music, when I'm with my wife and children, when I'm travelling, when I'm performing. That's what I *am*, something nobody is ever really going to see. The interview is a necessary evil, a place where strangers come along and tell you how you should be feeling... If you cannot agree with the way that they see you, and why should you, they write you off as some confused idiot. Simple Minds has always been a very organic thing. It was three people who grew up in the same street together, went to the same school together, discovered the same things together, bought the same records, read the same books, went to a room together to make music, travelled to the same places, and it all went on... Nothing happened overnight, nothing changed miraculously, and I never ever felt the need to stop and think about it, to analyse it. It just was... And so why, when I'm being interviewed, should I put a pause button on and reflect on it all, just for the sake of some paper? It all just flows and moves and I do not feel any need to articulate the whys and wherefores...

Morley said it must be quite an easy thing, to sit around and talk for two hours about yourself, about what you believe in... That's rubbish. I'm not interested in that kind of analysis, where you have no control over the *you* that will be presented. I like to be able to rely on instinct. Instinct takes me to the stage. Instinct doesn't bring me to an interview with Paul Morley. Duty does. Morley said this meant that my answers were always kind of noncommittal, or as ambiguous as a politician's... arrogant bastard. Where I commit myself is on the stage... on stage is where you will see the commitment and grace of Jim Kerr...

And it's much more *me* than it ever was. It's much more me on stage in front of 50,000 people than it was when I did the Manchester Rafterns in 1979. When I go

'Either you get guys ten years older than you telling you that you're not as good as Hendrix, or you get guys eight years younger than you talking to you as if you're Pete Townshend. And none of them really know what they're talking about.'

onto the stage now I know that 50,000 people paid 10 quid to see us over three months ago, and there's a kind of craft that appears. People from the left side get offended by what we do on stage... there's a richness to us, a hugeness, a visibility, there's nothing to hide or to be ashamed of. For someone who never really felt like any kind of rebel... right now I feel like an ultimate kind of rebel... because what we do is so big and powerful, and it's nothing to do with appearing at the Hammersmith Palais... Morley said it suits me to have this kind of success and these kind of audiences, that when I was struggling it looked forced and awkward. I think he's right.

When we play now it's a massive show, it's a huge thing, but actually there's a lot more of me on show than there ever was. People say that when they saw me at Port Talbot in front of 45 people it was more intimate. Rubbish. That's such an obvious thing to say. When I was playing Port Talbot, there was maybe 5 per cent of me, and the rest was just sheer confusion, confusion as to whether you're any good or not, confusion as to whether anyone will really get to love you... It's actually much more affected when you're struggling than when you begin to realise that you actually might have something. In the early days I knew all the things that I didn't want to be but I didn't really know what I was, what I could be. Slowly, in a way I cannot analyse, in a way that I cannot say dawned on me one Friday, in a way that is completely mysterious, in a way that would have happened even if we hadn't covered a song and got an American Number One, in a way that makes me feel so certain, in a way that I can't possibly put into words, I began to understand what it was I was doing, why I was doing it...

Yes, I get stuck when I try and explain this in interviews, I sound vague and out of focus. Morley says it's that I've got hold of a certain kind of old-fashioned showbusiness understanding and slapped it on the back of the vast uneasy pop songs we conjure up... I'm not sure if he was having a go at me or not... I think it's much shadowier and lovelier than that, although I do admit a bit to the showbusiness idea... If you're going to be on stage at 8.30 on a Wednesday in Belgium, I don't care if you're Frank Sinatra or Mark E. Smith, it's showbusiness. But when I go on stage, it's more... splendid than just being showbusiness... It's natural and it's madness...

It's at times like that, when you're beginning to talk, as coherently as is possible, about the astonishment of performing, the thrill, that some types of journalists slip in the exasperating question. Morley asked me if I felt I was good. What a silly question. No, said Morley, you said you never knew if you were good or not – do you now think that what The Simple Minds do is good? Well, I said, trying to be honest, trying not to sound smug, I think that we know our weaknesses and we know our strengths... That, apparently, was the classic example of a politician's answer. I told Morley that after being

asked that question five times a day for fourteen days, that was the best answer he was going to get.

When you're asked the mundane things, you'll give the mundane answers. When you're asked a good, unexpected question, that's great, that sets you thinking, you almost begin to think that the exercise might have some kind of worth... What I'm interested in is always being curious, always searching... being pushed. To say that I always want to be restless and uneasy is about as specific as I will ever get in an interview. Even on a mundane level, when we were making this live album, as we were putting it together, working it all out, living it, it was great. I expected the whole thing would be retro and uninspiring, but it was actually a great experience. There was a chance for the first time to see things in the music, to stand back, to search through and find things out about ourselves... But do I think we're any good? The question barely makes sense to me. You know, I can hear Prince's single and I don't think we're very good, Prince can do everything that I would love to do, encapsulate inside three minutes a time, a place, the heat, the smell... If I hear Echo And The Bunnymen, then I think we're good. But, you know, I can listen to Van Morrison, and I know that there is so much to learn, there's so much experience that I must gain. Gaining experience is the only real gain, and how do you quantify that? Experience... that is what interests me, and that just happens, it just turns up...

If someone asks me if I think I'm good, I'd rather just answer – I'm not so much of a voyeur as I was, I'm touching, I'm grasping, I'm finding out for myself. There's been a change in me, for whatever reason. I haven't sold out. I don't care less about things – if anything I care more. I've just changed, thank God. People can say that the reason I've changed is because it used to be clubs, and now it's stadiums, it used to be cult, but now it's big business... but, no, I've changed because I'm less of a voyeur than I used to be... I have less patience with just watching. I have to be involved. That's what's happened. It's nothing to do with a change in my beliefs, or a crazed new love for money. It's just that ten years ago I couldn't have even chatted someone up, and now I cheerlead 10,000 people, 50,000 people...

I have a quest. For me, and for the band, and for my family, and for my friends. The results of this quest will affect a lot of people, so I take it seriously... Somebody can ask me what this quest is in thirty years' time, they can ask about the results of the quest in fifty years' time. I just know that I'm on a quest. This isn't the kind of thing that journalists want to hear about, but that's too bad. They want to know the specifics of the quest, or the origin of the quest, or how it's going, or don't I think it's a bit pompous to talk about a quest. I don't think it's pompous. I only know that I'm on a quest. My dad was on a quest when he was 30 years old and he decided to stop drinking and start reading. You couldn't say what the quest was but he was undoubtedly on a quest. I'm 28

and I know for sure that I'm on a quest. Morley said did this mean wanting to sell more records than U2, but he can fuck off.

Morley said did this mean I wanted to be loved by millions of people and make incredible amounts of money, but I knew by then that he was just winding me up. Then again, you never can tell with Morley. He also asked me if the quest was so that I could become completely incorruptible, and if I thought that he was being serious, I might have answered 'yes.' Then Morley asked if I was just some pseudo-religious nutcase relying on the generosity of a vast public accustomed to the worst. It's no wonder that doing interviews puts me in such a bad mood.

It's incredible how all the journalists are so keen to find out how I've changed now that I play in huge stadiums and sell loads of records. They all seem to suffer from a kind of deranged, fatuous curiosity, a loveless curiosity. They think that everything is like *this* or it's like *that*... for me, things are either strong, or else they're worn out... How can I communicate that in an interview? Morley asked me when I first realised that The Simple Minds were a successful rock group. Last week, I said. Morley laughed, for some reason. It was the fucking truth. Last week I realised for the first time that we really had done something... You're aware that you're selling more and more records, and that more and more people are coming to your concerts, but last week I truly understood how successful we had become. You know, for the last six months I've just had time to reflect on what had happened over these past five years, and then last week I saw the advance orders on the live double album...

Things can happen to you that must make the outside world think you've changed, that you're different, but you can hardly notice. Like, we did Live Aid. People go on about the magnitude of the event, the influence, the generosity... At Live Aid I wasn't thinking about starving babies, or isn't Geldof great, or I wonder what's happening over at Wembley... All I could think was, there's Jack Nicholson! There was a sense that it was all getting bigger... but it's only really now that I can see the size of it. Seeing the advance orders on the double live albums – and at this point, before some cheap journalist can say anything, I shout BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST (Morley, the bastard, said this was almost my one joke) – it began to hit home how big we'd become. Knowing that it will go straight into the charts at Number One, it made me realise that we had really done something. I don't know what, I don't know what it means, I just know that something has happened... And it feels great.

We've been getting the accusations of being a dinosaur band since 1979, because of the grandness of the sound... so we don't give a shit about any of that... Morley, the bastard, said that we *are* a dinosaur band, but we never were until May 1985. Was he determined to get on my bloody nerves? What was he trying to get me to say? It's always a bloody worry when the journalist is obviously a bit clever and keeps ▶



▷ nudging you somewhere... What did he want from me? How boring and zealous is he going to make me appear in the article? I don't think we are a dinosaur band. Next to Age Of Chance it might look that way to a few warped idiots. But don't make me out to be a dinosaur because of Age Of Chance's shortcomings... I'm alive and kicking! I've got tons of energy! I'm getting stronger by the day... I don't accept the word 'dinosaur' at all... If bands cannot exist for longer than sixteen months then that's their problem... We are not dinosaurs. Morley is, for saying that we are dinosaurs, if he meant it. He claimed that he was using the word as a kind of compliment, but I'd had two weeks of fools going on about Simple Minds being dinosaurs and I'd just had enough. Morley said that to be heroes for sentimental reasons cannot be all bad, but there was a strange twinkle in his eye as he said it. The thing is, we're caught in the middle. Either you get guys ten years older than you telling you that you're not as good as Hendrix, that you're not the real thing, or you get guys eight years younger than you talking to you as if you're Pete Townshend. And none of them really know what they're talking about. Not liking us, or criticism, that's fair enough. But to be dismissed for reasons that are all to do with the journalist's problems, that's really irritating.

I haven't really done many interviews before this two week batch, not for a long time anyway... This set of interviews was the first real response I was getting to the fact that we are now a successful band – maybe I did act a bit defensive. And it doesn't really bother me, all this pettiness that piles up. It just gets a bit tiring to be accused of never changing by a bunch of people who are completely caught in limbo themselves, who individually and as a profession never change... At the end of what I do there is this gorgeous noise... and it's a marvel. And then you meet all these journalists, who can't either take or leave that situation, and you just look into their eyes and feel like saying, straightaway, aw, don't talk to me about it...

Two weeks. It's all over. I got through it, only now and then losing my patience. I lost my patience with Morley. He asked me if it's all worthwhile. What did he mean? Aw, what the fuck, we've made a record that goes on sale this week and for whatever reason you cannot buy a record that sounds anything like it, and that's a fact, and anything else is just pettiness. During those two weeks I got across that we'd made this record, and it was unique, and that it deserves to be listened to. I did my duty. I told these journalists what makes me pleased to be in Simple Minds: getting a letter from someone who says 'I came to see you but I was fifty rows back and couldn't see a thing. BUT I danced all night', getting a letter from someone who said that they were lonely until they listened to our records, getting into a car at an airport in Australia and hearing a song that I wrote six months ago in Glasgow blasting out of the radio, seeing brickies on building sites wearing our T-shirts... I made it clear

that I absolutely love what I do and that I have all the strength in the world to carry on and make it clearer, make it better and bigger...

There is definitely a loneliness, but I wouldn't want to talk about that in an interview, I wouldn't want to give away that... Morley said, was there anything I was prepared to give away? Apparently not. Morley said the word he would use to describe me in an interview was 'vague'. He seemed a bit upset about it. I couldn't understand what he wanted to get out of the interview, not at all. I told him, look, I still have to pinch myself to make sure that all of this is true. I don't want to come over self-important or conceited, I just believe in what I do, and want to keep on doing it. It is mind-boggling what has happened to me, whether that's being Jim Kerr of The Simple Minds or whether that's being Jim Kerr husband of Chrissie Hynde. But in the end it's just natural for me to get on stage and sing.

There's a certain kind of magic about it that I just allow to happen. I do think that there's a lot of magic in life... I can be in the mid-west talking to someone at a baseball game and then the next day I can be talking to a Red Indian and then the next day I can be talking to a Lebanese refugee, and I can only put this down to magic. Maybe that's what makes our music so powerful, that sense of wonder. We marvel at the size of our music sometimes, we can't imagine where it comes from... we marvel at where that music has taken us. It could be magic. Magic is not the best word to use in interviews, but I love the word. Magic. I have

'We marvel at the size of our music sometimes, we can't imagine where it comes from... It could be magic. Magic is not the best word to use in interviews, but I love the word.'

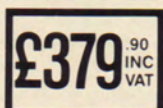
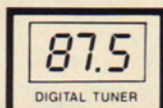
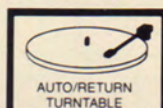
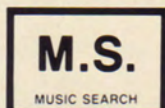
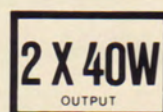
to believe that magic is involved in what we do. It's not natural for me to say that it is because of any power that I possess that has put me here. Really, I can't watch a video of us all the way through. I certainly cannot hear one of our records all the way through. Perhaps I've always got the feeling that the next record will be better, I can't wait for that one, so listening to what we've done makes me feel uncomfortable. It's already the past, and my enthusiasm is always for the future.

When Morley switched off his Sony, he seemed a bit disappointed. I couldn't have cared less. Actually, that isn't quite true. I was a bit annoyed myself. There's something horribly artificial about the interview. I could probably sum up what I have to say in eleven lines. At home I have two film posters on the wall that inspire me to write the kind of awestruck songs I need to write – *Ran* and *The Mission*. Once you've written that song, if you want one person to hear it, then a million people might as well hear it. Somewhere in between one person hearing that song and one million, the problems begin. The problems, I leave to the journalists. For me, it's always still a sense that I'm just beginning. I don't actually feel myself a success. And whatever it is that I really am, I want to keep to myself.

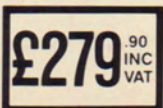
I wonder how much of an idiot or how much of a hero The Journalist will make me appear.

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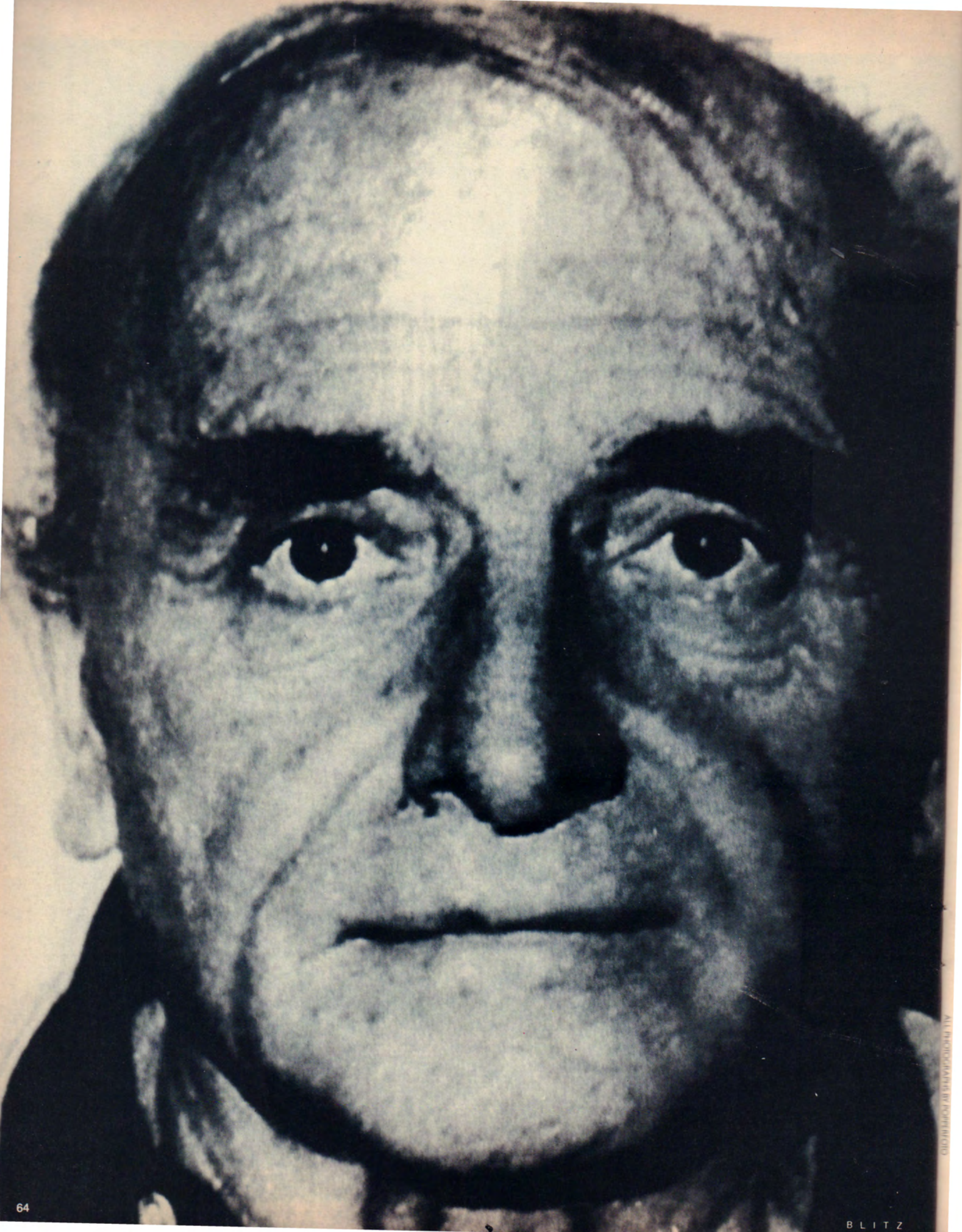


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barbie:

THE BOLIVIA YEARS

Klaus Barbie is currently standing trial in Lyon for the 'crimes against humanity' he is alleged to have committed as a Gestapo chief during the war. Less well known, however, are Barbie's activities in Bolivia from 1951 until his extradition in 1983. The true story behind those years is an intricate tale of death squads, drug trafficking and right wing coups...



After thirty-nine years on the run and four years in a French prison, Klaus Barbie finally confronted his accusers inside the temporary courthouse of Lyon's Palais de Justice on May 11th. Naturally enough the considerable press publicity surrounding the trial has tended to concentrate on the 'crimes against humanity' Barbie is alleged to have committed as Gestapo chief in Lyon between 1942 and 1944. In particular, interest has focused on threats by Barbie and his loquacious lawyer, Jacques Vergès, to open old wounds and reveal the extent of collaboration in wartime France. Vergès goes a step further: he argues that the French operate a system of double standards whereby amnesties are granted to French officers who tortured Algerians fighting for independence from French rule between 1954 and 1962, yet a German who did no worse is put on trial. ▸

REPORT BY PATRICK TOOHER

B But the alluring prospect of skeletons emerging from the proverbial cupboard has rather eclipsed an episode fundamental to the case of Klaus Barbie, and one only touched upon during the trial; namely the thirty-two years he spent in exile in Bolivia from 1951 onwards. What is remarkable is how far Barbie's new life mirrored many aspects of his old Nazi days. It was hardly as if he spent his time in angst-ridden retirement; on the contrary, Barbie offered successive right-wing regimes advice on 'security' issues, including interrogation techniques, furnished them with weapons, trained their death squads, protected some of Bolivia's biggest drug traffickers and engineered the cocaine coup of General Garcia Meza in July 1980. One may subscribe to the view that the Lyon trial is an irrelevant anachronism, something best forgotten after forty years, but Barbie's influence within a number of shady military dictatorships and his involvement in international drug-trafficking rackets have left a sizable imprint both on Bolivian society and the wider world.

It was in the chaos of post-war Germany that Barbie first made full use of the guile and good fortune that were to keep his pursuers at bay for nearly forty years. Life on civvy street constantly looking over his shoulder was tough to begin with: gone were the heady days in Lyon when he would have one of his numerous girlfriends watch torture sessions sitting on his knee. Employing a variety of false identities, Barbie scraped along for a couple of years as a petty jewel thief, a farm hand and black marketeer in the US Occupied Zone. Then in 1947, Barbie was recruited as an agent by the US Army Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC), precursors of today's CIA. As the first winds of the Cold War began to blow, Barbie saw that his intimate knowledge of the French resistance gained in Lyon was extremely valuable to the US anti-Communist intelligence network. Barbie soon impressed as an agent, and although the Munich CIC arrested and questioned him about his 'wanted' status, it was agreed that he already knew too much about CIC operations to intern him for his affiliation with the Waffen SS. As one retired US intelligence officer put it, it was conveniently assumed that Barbie was "one of the cleaner types".

Out of American largesse Barbie was provided with a safe-house in Augsburg and payment in US dollars to cover his travel expenses, something which piqued other informants who only received cigarettes and coffee in return for their services. But all the time Barbie lived in fear of his notorious past catching up with him, a fear which stalked him throughout his Bolivian exile as well. Once a Paris newspaper headline had proclaimed in May 1949 'ARREST BARBIE OUR TORTURER', US officials came under increasing pressure to hand him over to the French.

Barbie continued to recruit agents and conduct interrogations, but was dropped from CIC records as a precaution, thereby enabling American intelligence to single-handedly block Barbie's extradition to France by maintaining they did not know his whereabouts. However, the US embassy in Paris became increasingly embarrassed by charges that the Americans were harbouring him. Extradition proceedings were instigated. To save face the CIC finally decided to use a 'rat-line' developed by one of their units to smuggle compromised agents and defectors from the Eastern bloc to South America. Issued with travel documents in Munich under the name of Klaus Altmann, Barbie travelled with his wife Regina, their nine-year-old daughter Ute and four-year-old son Klaus George from Augsburg to Genoa via Salzburg in March 1951. In Genoa Barbie was handed another travel document with the unwitting consent of the Red Cross and proceeded with his family on board the vessel *Corrientes* to Buenos Aires. By the end of April 1951 Barbie was in

Bolivia living under the identity of a chief rabbi who had died in a concentration camp.

Barbie would like the world to believe he spent the next thirty-two years making a living from honest work, managing a timber firm, selling quinquina bark and running a shipping company. To employ the current parlance, he has been more than a little economical with the truth.

In the early years, details of which are still unclear, Barbie did indeed eke out a fairly meagre existence. He arrived in Bolivia virtually penniless, but found work in a sawmill in Chulumani, in the north east, before soon becoming its director. Barbie kept his head down during the Bolivian revolution of 1952, and the succession of leftist administrations that followed it, but his cultivation of friends in high places earned him Bolivian citizenship in 1957.

Slowly the old self-confidence and innate arrogance returned. His timber export business flourished and gradually Barbie was able to enjoy the comfortable lifestyle of a successful businessman. He came to own a plush apartment in the Bolivian capital, La Paz, and also ran a ranch in Cochabamba. He was well-known in all the best bars and restaurants and could be seen driving around La Paz in his VW. Little effort was made to disguise his true identity and every so often the mask hiding his unrepentant sentiments slipped: one famous *faux pas* occurred at the German Club in La Paz in 1966 when Barbie greeted the German ambassador with the cry "Heil Hitler!"

With the profits from the export of quinquina bark to West Germany Barbie set up a company, La Transmaritima Boliviana, in which the Bolivian government had a 51 per cent stake. At first it may seem a little strange that Barbie should run a shipping company in a country landlocked since 1873. But the project stirred up national pride and gave Barbie an *entrée* into the higher echelons of Bolivian politics. Moreover, access to pontoons in the Peruvian ports of Callao and Arica not only greatly assisted the legal Bolivian economy, but also enabled Barbie to use the cover of a state-approved company to cut his teeth on small-time cocaine smuggling and gun-running across the Bolivian border, an experience which was to stand him in good stead in later years.

On the political front Barbie first rose to prominence during Che Guevara's rural guerrilla campaign in 1967: his 'anti-subversive' skills were hugely appreciated by the Barrientos regime. Barbie's services were doubtless called upon again a few years later when two prominent journalists, Alfredo Alexander and Jaime Otero Calderon, and peasant leader Jorge Soliz were assassinated in what appears to have been a concerted attempt to cover up a very lucrative and very illegal arms deal with Israel set up by Barrientos. Barbie also provided sound contact with older Nazis in residence in the country, including the most hardened and ruthless foreign mercenaries: the notorious Jean 'Black Jack' Schramme, who had earned his reputation in the Congo, Albert Van Ingelgom, formerly a senior official at the Auschwitz concentration camp, and Roger Van Zande and his son, known as 'El Tigre' for his skill in extorting confessions and information by physical means.

In 1971 Barbie is believed to have supplied some of the guns for the successful putsch of General Hugo Banzer, who in return not only shielded Barbie when Paris-based Nazi hunters Serge and Beate Klarsfeld first revealed his true identity in 1971, but was also receptive to one of Barbie's more hare-brained schemes – to uproot the indigenous Indian population in Bolivia and supplant it with a 'super race' of 150,000 white South Africans to boost the flagging economy. Banzer's fall in 1978 nipped that idea in the bud.

Even for a country with a renowned coup culture –



Barbie wearing the uniform of the Gestapo during the War. (Photograph from the files of Serge Klarsfeld)

Bolivia has had more successful coups than years of independence – the next two years represented total political chaos. James Anderson, a commentator on Latin American affairs, sums up the situation thus: "There was absolute anarchy. Although there had been a certain amount of growth and stability under Banzer, his regime eventually ran out of steam. Banzer's demise opened up all the pent-up contradictions within Bolivian society." Constitutional and democratic structures were sucked into the political vacuum; inflation began to surge ahead, to the point where in 1983 banknotes were the country's second largest import item; the world price of tin, historically the backbone of the economy, plummeted. Ill-fated elections were held in a futile search for democracy. Out of the shadows there emerged a group of sinister, well-placed army officers such as General Garcia Meza and palace security chief Arce Gomez, subsidised by the country's biggest drugs barons. This coup clique slowly ousted decent army officers like David Padilla. By 1980, concludes Anderson, "it was simply a process of elimination predicting which colonel it would be to lead the next coup. Garcia Meza was the only one who hadn't tried."

Barbie was to play a crucial role in Garcia Meza's coup of July 17th 1980. In the late Seventies he assembled a coterie of younger Nazis in Santa Cruz who rejoiced in the name 'The Fiancés of Death'. Their task was to protect the local drugs mafia in the area and root out political dissenters. By 1978 Barbie and his cronies were in charge of all the right-wing paramilitary gangs that guarded the drug barons' interests.

One Barbie cohort, Joachim Fiebelkorn, ran Santa Cruz's Bavarian bar, a popular Barbie haunt where many an evening was spent wallowing in wine, women and songs in praise of the Führer. Fiebelkorn, ex-pimp and Bundeswehr deserter, was once



A copy of the travel document issued to Barbie in 1951 by the International Red Cross with a recommendation by the Allied High Command. The document authorises Barbie to travel to Bolivia and is made out under a false name.



Barbie with his wife Regine in Bolivia in 1982 shortly after extradition proceedings against him were begun.



General Luis Garcia Meza, who with Barbie's help staged a military coup on July 17th, 1980, overthrowing civilian President Lidia Guelier. Garcia Meza's regime was notable for its considerable association with the drugs trade.

captured by the Brazilian police near the Bolivian border in charge of a motley crew of German and Italian fascists replete with Nazi regalia, heavy weapons, a fair quantity of cocaine and a number of prostitutes.

Another Barbie protégé, Stefano delle Chiaie, acted as trainer/recruiter of Barbie's mercenaries. He founded the fascist terrorist group Avanguardia Nazionale in Italy in the Sixties and was implicated in the abortive coup of Prince Junio Valerio Borghese in 1970. He is also thought to have been behind a string of indiscriminate terrorist incidents between 1969 and 1982, including the bombing of Bologna railway station in August 1980 in which eighty-five people died. He was recently extradited back to Italy from Venezuela to answer these and other charges.

On the evidence at least of guilt by association Barbie is more than just a war criminal: he is a bridge spanning two generations, between the Nazi old guard and the modern-day terrorism of the extreme right. To paraphrase Brecht, the bitch that bore the mongrel was still on heat.

Plans for the cocaine coup were laid at a meeting between Garcia Meza, then Army Commander, and Barbie in a hunting lodge outside Santa Cruz in January 1980. Barbie promised to organise his paramilitary henchmen to this end and on February 2nd entered into a formal agreement with the Bolivian army to "participate directly in army operations" if required and "to provide his services in intelligence affairs". Barbie did his homework well. He liaised with Arce Gomez, an old friend from the Barrientos era who was to become Head of Military Intelligence and the real power behind the throne for the next two years.

At 5am on July 17th 1980 the headquarters of the army's sixth division at Trinidad were seized by Garcia Meza and a Colonel Monroy. The overthrow of

civilian President Lidia Guelier and the formation of a military junta were demanded. As resistance to the coup was being organised in La Paz, Arce Gomez struck. At 11am paramilitary personnel travelling in ambulances to mask their approach stormed the building of the country's biggest trade union confederation, the COB. In the ensuing *mêlée*, socialist leader Marcelo Quiroga was shot in cold blood after refusing to be separated from those rounded up. The assault on the Presidential palace was conducted with equal speed and efficiency. Lidia Guelier was forced to sign her resignation while her ministers and members of the press attending a news conference were roughed up and made to lie on the dung-laden floor of the stables at the nearby police barracks for several hours. Barbie and his bully boys were back in town.

With Garcia Meza at the helm and Arce Gomez as Interior Minister, Barbie revelled in the state patronage bestowed on him. He was made an honorary colonel and official security adviser to the regime, working closely with Arce Gomez in the rounding up, torture and occasional killing of political opponents. Barbie must have thought he was caught up in a time warp, so much did his new life resemble that of Lyon forty years earlier. "I am highly regarded here," he boasted at the time. "Whenever the military need help they just call me."

The scale and manner in which political control was imposed shocked a country long accustomed to the excesses of the military. But Garcia Meza's regime is remembered not so much for the numerous knocks on the door in the middle of the night as for its squalid association with the drugs trade.

In his book *Rebellion In The Veins*, James Dunkerley describes the world in which cocaine is fabricated, transported and marketed as "obscure, resistant to intrusion and, as a consequence, prone to description

that employs excited hyperbole and the most grotesque conspiracy theories. It is almost as if the thrill of consumption must be transferred to the conditions of productivity." Yet, as Dunkerley himself agrees, it was a trifle perverse that while the legal Bolivian economy tried to implement the 'Chicago school' economic policies of Milton Friedman, a Chicago influence of the Al Capone variety was simultaneously at work.

Coca, the plant from which cocaine is derived, has always played a significant social and economic role in Bolivian life. Its cultivation, practised for centuries, remains an open and legal form of agriculture. It is mostly chewed as a stimulant for work, though it also has medicinal and aphrodisiacal qualities. Coca production is mainly concentrated in Chaparé, to the east of Cochamba, where the local climate and soil provide four harvests a year and yields per hectare far above those for citrus, bananas, maize and rice, the other local crops. It is the one dynamic labour sector of the economy, employing over 300,000 people, though real wealth is confined to very few.

These facts alone do not account for the huge increase in coca production since the mid-Seventies. One reason was the phenomenal surge in demand for cocaine in the United States and Europe brought about largely as a result of the Vietnam War, after which the drug was no longer considered to be the privilege of the élite. Another contributing factor was the slump in the cotton market in 1975/6 which potentially exposed the local landed big-wigs to financial ruin. They were not slow to seize on the commercial possibilities of cocaine, almost certainly with the connivance of the government of the day: between 1975 and 1982 coca production rose from just under 12,000 metric tons to 82,000 metric tons, a figure that had doubled again by 1985.

Transport was the key to the expansion of the cocaine trade in Bolivia. The drugs barons rapidly



Stefano delle Chiaie, who recruited and trained Barbie's mercenaries, seen here after his arrest in Caracas in March this year. He was extradited to Italy to face charges relating to various terrorist incidents between 1969 and 1982 including the bombing of Bologna railway station in 1980.



Klaus Barbie today. He stands handcuffed behind a protective glass screen in Lyon Assize Court where he faces trial for crimes against humanity.

B Engaged light aircraft operating from remote airstrips in the east to transfer coca paste to southern Colombia and other South American destinations for refining. From there, as every schoolboy knows, the cocaine would be shipped or flown to Florida or Europe.

B The process generates incredible revenue. A kilo of Bolivian cocaine costing some \$1,150 is sold to Colombian dealers for approximately \$5,000. There the basic paste acquires a value of about \$11,000. After refining, the same quantity of chlorohydrate of cocaine will fetch \$50,000 in the States. But since retail crystal is rarely more than 12 per cent purity a single kilo of 90 per cent purity becomes eight kilos of retail cocaine with a total street value of \$500,000. The massive cocaine profits are then laundered back into the Bolivian economy, often via the Bahamas, in the form of 'narco-dollars' and contraband goods. Estimating the exact turnover of the cocaine business is a hazardous exercise, but it is generally agreed that export revenues in the early Eighties were never below \$1 billion per annum. According to Bolivian State Commission adviser Gustavo Mejia, cocaine exports reached \$3 billion in 1985, six times the estimated value of legal exports in 1986.

As was noted earlier, Barbie was in on the racket from the start, organising private armies to protect the interests of the local drugs mafia. One of his sidekicks, Joachim Fiebelkorn, was responsible for the bazooka emplacements around the airstrip near Santa Ana belonging to leading Bolivian narco-trafficker Roberto Suarez Gomez. Such elaborate precautions were intended to protect fantastic financial assets: Suarez, cousin of Arce Gomez, one reputedly offered to solve the country's external debt problem.

The illicit cocaine trade was formalised during the Garcia Meza regime to the point where it can be labelled a 'narco-racry'. Together with Arce Gomez and the aptly-named Ariel Coca, Barbie helped eradicate the small-time cocaine dealers. Of course this was

done in the name of the junta's so-called 'fight against drug-trafficking', a PR exercise to please the US government who had imposed an economic boycott eighteen months earlier. In reality there was corruption on a massive scale. According to Bolivian sources quoted in Dunkerley's book, the tariff charged on a lorry loaded with 10,000 kilos of cocaine leaf yielded \$5,000 for Arce Gomez, \$2,375 for Garcia Meza and about \$1,000 for assorted customs officials, police and interior ministry time-servers. As late as March 1982 a colonel was allowed to carry on in his post after he was caught red-handed in command of a convoy of lorries transporting leaf to a reprocessing plant.

Barbie's fall from grace and extradition from Bolivia

on February 4th 1983 was inextricably linked to the demise of a delinquent dictatorship unable to sustain anti-US policies for any length of time. But as late as July 1982 one of Garcia Meza's successors, General Guido Vildoso Calderon, provided his conservative credentials to doubters by greeting Barbie as the first visitor to the presidential palace. The return to democracy under Hernan Siles Zuazo in October 1982, however, prompted the French government to seek Barbie's extradition again; he had twice been sentenced to death in absentia. To his surprise, Barbie was arrested on January 25th 1983 for non-payment of a \$10,000 debt owed to the state mining corporation Comibol since 1971 and sent back to France ten days later. In court Barbie claimed he had been 'kidnapped'.

At least he did not share the fate of one of his mercenaries, Pierluigi Pagliai - on the day of Siles' inauguration a crack team of Italian commandos in cooperation with the Bolivian police captured Pagliai in a daring raid before returning on board an Alitalia DC-10 to Rome where he subsequently died of gunshot wounds received during the abduction. By

contrast Garcia Meza, Arce Gomez and Stefano delle Chiaie all managed to slip quietly across the border into Argentina.

Little has changed in Bolivia since Barbie's departure. The economy remains trapped in a Catch-22 situation. With declining export earnings exacerbated by the further nose-dive in the price of tin in 1985 and an increasing debt burden, the country is ever more dependent upon foreign aid which is increasingly tied to its performance on the eradication of coca growing, yet it is the transfusion of 'narco-dollars' that is keeping the economy afloat. Since last autumn US troops and helicopters under the direction of the Drug Enforcement Agency have been involved in raids on cocaine reprocessing laboratories in the eastern lowlands of Bolivia. Though sanctioned by the Bolivian government the exercise, codenamed 'Operation Blast Furnace', has provoked communal resistance among coca growers of all classes with US Blackhawk helicopters the target of drug-traffickers' machine-guns. But the whole operation is pure window-dressing: few arrests of drug-traffickers have been made and runways strafed to prevent the export of cocaine had already been inoperative for eighteen months. The cocaine trade goes on unabated quite simply because it pays.

It takes an effort of will to reconcile the frail 73-year-old in the Lyon dock with the heinous crimes he is accused of perpetrating forty years ago, more so when his behaviour in Bolivia is recounted. Barbie is charged with atrocities allegedly carried out during the war, but when his criminal activities in Bolivia were referred to during the trial Barbie's lawyer, Jacques Vergès, was for once strangely silent. It was a damning indictment.

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anarchist

One day in 1976 Jamie Reid received a telegram from Malcolm McLaren that read: "Got these guys; interested in working with you again." The ensuing collaboration resulted in Reid's artworks for the Sex Pistols, images which today are cutely nostalgic but at the time were a major part of the fun. For Reid, the work was little more than an extension of the Situationist adventures of Suburban Press, a self-confessedly "shit-stirring" pamphlet based in Croydon which he had co-founded in 1970. *The Incomplete Works Of Jamie Reid*, published this month (Faber, £9.95), charts Reid's progress from Surrey to Sex Pistols to the present day and his current project, *Leaving The 20th Century*. The tidying up comes courtesy of Jon Savage. ●

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"Why was he good? It was something to do with presence. Everyone else was frantic, ran themselves

THE BIG O

crazy trying to whip up reaction. Orbison just commanded: The Big O. He banged it out so solid, so impossibly confident that he made everything that had gone before seem panicky. He'd been around. Almost on his own, he knew

what it was all about. If your nerves were bad, the unbroken agony of it all might get a bit oppressive. But if you were suckered by the schmaltz, Orbison was the best brew going."

NIK COHN FROM AWOPBOPALOOBOPALOPBAMBOOM.

he legend lies behind his shades, still painfully shy, but candid and exact. Twenty-seven years to the day

since he first recorded *Only The Lonely*, thirty-one years since *Ooby Dooby*, the first of his Sun singles, Roy Orbison speaks softly but tells me loads.

"Life hasn't been that dark y'know," he smiles. "For the most part, this has been a *glorious* life."

The word glorious is pronounced with this gorgeous, true-hearted Texas twang, with a flicker of that effusiveness that we know in his songs, some of the intuitive, sensitive emotionality that led Presley to describe this man as the greatest singer in the world. There's a keenness to today's Orbison, a healthy vigour, a great need to define his position right here.

We're talking about tragedy. Not necessarily the stinging anguish that upholds some of his best music, but the traumas that have rocked his *life*, that still demarcate our image of the man and the voice. By now, it is all well documented. In the late Sixties, his family was ravaged by the frowns of fortune. His first wife Claudette died in a motorbike accident so Orbison laid low for some time, raising his three sons, Roy Junior, Tony and Wesley. Gradually, he began to throw himself back into work, writing a song to ▷

INTERVIEW BY JONH WILDE
PHOTOGRAPH BY SHEILA ROCK

▷ Claudette's memory, *Too Soon To Know*. Then, in 1968, a fire swept through his Tennessee home and Roy Junior and Tony perished. It seems only to have embroidered the public image of Orbison as the forlorn troubador with his grieving verses and his tearful choruses. An image that Orbison himself wonders at.

"People seem to dwell on those tragedies," he says. "People always say, poor thing, he lost his wife and kids. Well, that was twenty years ago. I've been married to my second wife Barbara for eighteen years now. Sure, that was a rough time but I think everybody has these. There's nothing I've gone through that nobody else won't go through. OK, mine were especially large tragedies, especially within a two-year period. When it was happening, perhaps I didn't deal with it emotionally as well as I could have. You always think that it can be dealt with later and you numb things like that. It's been a longer process than it might have been. When they arose, I was in shock as far as feeling and writing went. I did a lot of good writing just after all that but I was so confused. I can't deny that it was a barren time as far as hit records went, but, once I was over the initial shocks, I was as busy as a beaver.

"You're right, though. People always have imagined that I'm a much more tortured person than I actually am. Part of it is the anguish in the voice and the other part is the family disasters. It's also because there's always been a conflict between the introvert and the

"People used to ask me how I wanted to be remembered and I'd tell them that if I'm just remembered, that'll be OK by me."

extrovert in me. I can't really say where one stops and the other starts. Maybe, as a young boy, I found safe spots where I could be outgoing. Performing became one of those areas. In some ways, it must be a way of overcoming that basic shyness that I have."

Orbison at his best – his early Sun rockabilly, the Monument/RCA rock'n'roll sides, the early Sixties hits that started with *Only The Lonely* – has few, if any, peers of course. That voice trembles, quivers and shakes with crystalline clarity. It has been described as one of rock's most magnificent and penetrating instruments, an eternal sound, one that supercedes reality.

When he recorded *Only The Lonely* in 1960, its piquant emotional concentration stabbed through the heart of the chart, Orbison's first smash hit. It was

sore and sentimental but that voice had rarely sounded so good, so overwrought, so intense. It went to the top of the British chart and reached Number 2 in America, selling over 3,000,000 copies worldwide, the start of a long succession of million-selling hits up to 1964 including *Running Scared*, *Candy Man*, *In Dreams*, *Oh Pretty Woman* and *Blue Bayou*. Some would say that Orbison's records during this period helped rock music to grow up, to sort itself out and to move off in another direction. Certainly, his influence on the period was enormous and a welcome diversion from most of the pop slop of the era. For much of the Sixties, that voice towered over pop, never less than stormy in its chastened way. The most heavy-hearted voice you ever heard and the most stirring, uplifting.

I tell Roy Orbison that this is a warm, alluring noise, an inspirational sound.

"I think it's been said that I sing what I feel and that's probably closest to the truth. Yeah, I feel close to the songs, especially to the tenderness and the loving part. That's definitely me, very much connected and presented in the songs. I wouldn't be able to sing and get across the songs if that side of me wasn't true. All I can say is that, when I am writing a piece, my feelings are drawn into that. I can sing and listen at the same time and it always affects me somehow... it tugs at me or pleases me, sounds pretty or sad, hopeful or tragic. Sometimes I would cry when I wrote a song and then I'd often cry when I came to sing it. I try to think that, if it moves me, then other people will probably be moved too. That's really the only gauge or barometer."

So, in a sense, you're singing for yourself.

"Ummm, yeah, that's true in a sense. See, I almost have no awareness of any of the process bar the song itself. It just think in terms of the song. In my case, it's very much a hit-and-miss thing when it comes to writing. I sometimes wish I could sit down and say, 'OK, this song's for the British audience. I'm gonna use this beat, sing about this or that and have this rhythm'. That way there'd be no chance it *wouldn't* be a hit. But with me, it's trial and error, a process of elimination. I just try to put my experience in a song. That's usually the only influence. I don't really even wonder that much whether the newspaper boy will be able to sing it on the way to work. I have such average taste, not humdrum but conventional, that when a song pleases me, I'm fairly sure it will tug at other people's emotions too."

You think that the idea of Roy Orbison as the mournful, cheerless voices is overplayed...

"Oh yeah, no doubt about that. To me, it just sounds emotional. When I first heard my voice back on record, I didn't think of it in terms of good, bad or indifferent, only *memorable*. I think that's what makes it a distinctive sound. It's a voice that once you hear you'll never forget. The sadness idea has a lot to do with my image over the years I guess – the black clothes and the shades. Also, it has to do with the fact that *Only The Lonely* was the first hit and that was an incredibly sad song. It's synonymous with my name now. People obviously assume that my life is like that song, which isn't really true at all."

You're often referred to as an *immortal* performer. How much does that mean to you?

"Often, I feel that people are talking about someone outside of myself. I can't trust what they're saying altogether. Y'know, I'm still in this place where I'm looking for a little firmer ground, a little more acceptance. I'm not sure why. I've got all the love I need (*laughs*). I'd like to go along with the idea of immortality, it's a wonderful notion. I never think of it that way myself. People used to ask me how I wanted to be remembered and I'd tell them that if I'm just remembered, that'll be OK by me.

"I'm an obsessive and compulsive thinker, so I always try to place myself, attempt to know my strengths and weakness as a performer, a writer and a person. I'm pretty self-critical. Because I read so much about myself, I have a better self-image than the average guy in the street, a different kind of self-image in any case. By reading a lot of the press, I've tended to search inwardly to see if what they were writing was true, to see if I was a sad person, a tragic person or a shy person. I've come to grips with a lot of it, sure have. Also, I always tend to be surprised by the things that people say. Even when people come up to me in the street and ask for my autograph, I'm still taken aback, even after thirty years! It doesn't make a difference where I am. That kind of surprise has stood me in good stead, kept me more innocent, not jaded. Yes, it's quite a blessing to have that kind of innocence at my age, a real blessing."

The biographies will tell you that Roy Kelton

Orbison was born in Vernon, Texas, on April 23rd 1936, but grew up in Wink, Texas. It was a boomtown, an oil town inhabited by drifters who came to make a living from the oil and then left again. He was taught to play guitar at the age of six by his father, an oil worker. He played on a radio station by the time he was eight and was in a country music band, The Wink Westerners, by the time he was 13 or 14, touring around West Texas, playing at jamborees.

After high school, he attended North Texas University where he persisted in his playing and singing after seeing the enormous success his fellow student Pat Boone was enjoying. By this time, Elvis Presley had already made his early impression. Orbison opportunistically reformed his group to fit into these rock'n'roll times. Then called The Teen Kings, they won their way through local talent contests to appear on local television. His friend Buddy Holly arranged for Roy to meet Norman Petty at his studio in Clovis, where the group, featuring Roy on guitar and vocals, recorded *Trying To Get To You/Ooby Dooby*. It was released shortly afterwards on Petty's Jewel label and legend has it that the group actually paid for the session out of their own pockets. *Ooby Dooby* was eventually sent to Sam Phillips in Memphis and, from there, Orbison's career rocketed.

"It took me a long time to get my confidence," he recalls, "a process over many years. Along the way, though, there were a few moments when I just knew that it was going to happen, a few milestones. One was being allowed to stay up late when I was six or seven years old with the grown-ups. That was an important sign of approval, a kind of sanction. Then, there was the first radio show on KVWC's talent hour when I was eight, the first real breakthrough. By the time I got a television show when I was about 19, I had played a lot of places. It seemed that I was still full of doubts but I got into thinking that I was at least as good as some of the singers that I heard and better than some others."

What set Orbison apart from the start was his movement, or rather lack of it. All about him were his rock'n'roll contemporaries shaking and reeling like a shithouse door in a typhoon, while The Big O just stood there almost motionless; stamping his foot, standing his ground and belting out across those famous three octaves with an operatic pitch and drama.

"I used to move in the very early days," he smiles, "in the Teen King days. Then, when I went out on my own, I had my guitar with me so I couldn't easily let go of the guitar, grab the microphone and move around. I was sort of trapped and that kinda suited me."▷

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▷ Then again, there was the sexuality. While Presley, Little Richard and Eddie Cochran indulged themselves in performance, playing up to their degenerate sides, Orbison was almost the complete antithesis. Not that he didn't ooze his own kind of charisma. It was simply more clean-handed than the rest.

So you were no sex god then, Roy?

"Absolutely not," he laughs. "Sexuality has never been the foremost thing in my music, certainly not an aggressive kind of sex. For me, it's always been more of a gentle thing, more of an innocent idea. Then again, I'd be surprised if people described me as an

"When I first heard my voice on record, I didn't think of it in terms of good, bad or indifferent, only memorable."

asexual type of performer. That's definitely not true. I'm sure elements like love, hate, lust, jealousy, anger, desire, self-pity are in the feeling of the music but they're hard to judge."

Equally, Orbison was always far from any self-destructive way of living, hardly a subscriber to the life-on-the-edge way of rock'n'roll. Perhaps he was always on the edge in different ways?

"It must have been that way. It seems that most performers have two sides to them anyway. One is the brash, self-confident way. The other side seems to be this terrible insecurity. Often it appears that insecurity breeds creativity and the more insecurity, the more genius can show through. Now this creates a kind of vacuum and, in order to make some kind of balance, they turn to drugs and liquor and the road to self-destruction. Mostly, the self-destructive element is already there. It just needs bringing out.

"I don't think you have to be involved in drugs to be out on the edge. Some of us are on the edge anyway. In my case, I've had a lot of time, experience and actual instances to let the insecure part of myself be filled with the compliments, the reassuring things and the triumphs. All the musical triumphs bolster you and you don't feel so vulnerable. Those things can't really fill the gaps though. You're always walking a fine line. If everything was real solid and smooth, it might get too dull along the way. You have to look for the next great song, great concert, great recording. Those are the things that keep me hungry, keep me realistic."

Hasn't it been difficult to maintain a sense of realism though? Isn't all the success too close to a kind of fantasy?

"It's funny you should say that. I've been thinking a

lot about those things recently. The fact is that success makes it even more real and you have to come to grips with a lot of issues headlong. You play in the carnival for a long time, going from ride to ride, then all of a sudden, the lights go out and it's time to go home or something. In my case, I approached stardom from behind. It was with *Only The Lonely* that I jumped right in the middle of it. Then, I sort of out-ran it. I was ahead of my success because I knew that the next record would be a great one, that it would have the same fire and gusto. At that point, you wonder what other areas are there for you. Maybe films, maybe novels, maybe politics. After a time, reality sets in and, if you haven't lost your innocence, you start to really get to grips with what you're involved in. If you're not self-obsessed and concerned too much with the career aspect of it, then you'll want to bring it back to basics. You want to find out what's inside you, what else you've got to offer, what you truly have to say. You discover just how much you have to offer. You realise that it's not a matter of drive or ambition. You just learn to do things as well as you need to do them, that's all it takes."

Orbison's last hit record in this country was *Penny Arcade*, as far back as September 1969. That's not to say that he's been idle in the meantime, far from it. For the last ten years, he has toured consistently throughout the world, averaging an impressive ten performances a month in that period. More recently, in 1985, he formed an unlikely partnership with ZTT Records, which spawned the *Wild Hearts* single (from the soundtrack to Nick Roeg's *Insignificance*), a sadly shortlived marriage which Orbison puts down to "things which didn't quite jell". Currently, he finds a home at Virgin Records who this month release an album of re-recorded hits. He is also preparing an album of new material, the result of writing collaborations with Will Jennings, Steve Cropper, Jerry Williams and Sex Pistol Steve Jones.

"Yeah, Steve Jones rode in on his Harley one afternoon and we got down to some writing," Orbison recalls. "It had been talked about for some time. He played me a few things he'd been writing himself, some songs that didn't fit his rough image at all, some very tender beat ballads. Like with all these people I've been working with, I liked his directness, his ability to get to the heart of a song, holding nothing back."

There's still a gleam to this great man, a natural boyish enthusiasm. The energies and creative juices show no sign of drying up just yet.

"It's fairly relentless. The will to carry on is still very much there. I just accept that and go on with it. I could alter my lifestyle and stay home for a few years but I've never been tempted to do it. Whatever drove me to do it in the first place is still burning away in there somewhere. Sometimes it does scare me that the process is likely to go on and on. A lot of artists I meet are thinking, 'It's OK for Roy, he's got it made,' but I only feel like I've got it made for the moment, at any moment. For me, it's like a quest. The next pressure situation might be right around the corner... the next up or down. I never stop, though, and that comes back to my approach to music as a whole. The creative energy is always humming inside there even if I do sometimes step back from it."

Financially (very) secure, most of his ambitions achieved long ago, there's no possible fear now then?

"The only thing that's ever scared me has been the unknown," he muses. "Flying doesn't scare me but flying into a thunderstorm does. It's never a fear of the next moment, nothing like that, more like long-term fears. It's never fear of death! I just know that I'm not

ready to die just now and, yeah, maybe I'll know when it's really time. I'm not sure if I could be described as fatalistic because I'm not fatalistic in my attitude to things. For good or for bad, I tend to live my life very much as though I've just been born, trying to look at everything with a fresh sensation. I tend to look on the bright side of things, an optimist, which I know greatly surprises people. I also try to live just for today. For me, that's the secret of life or at least the secret of living life. I kinda regret now that some percentage of my life has been after the fact, so to speak. Y'know, thinking what a great tour the Beatles or Rolling Stones ones were, way after they happened. Rarely appreciating things as they happened, usually just in memory."

As if his long string of plangent hymns and love anthems were not enough to ensure his immortality as an artist, this year Orbison was entered in Philadelphia's prestigious Rock'n'Roll Hall Of Fame, an extravagant \$40 million temple to the Immanent Ones. This year's ceremony, held at New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, also ushered in the likes of Smokey Robinson, Bo Diddley, BB King, The Coasters, Carl Perkins, Eddie Cochran, Jackie Wilson and Marvin Gaye among others. Orbison was introduced by Bruce Springsteen, who pronounced the following: "In '75, when I went into the studio to make *Born To Run*, I wanted to make a record with words like Bob Dylan that sounded like Phil Spector, but most of all I wanted to sing like Roy Orbison. Now everybody knows that nobody sings like Roy Orbison."

That's about as true as you'll get.

Just for a moment, consider the finest strokes, his greatest flashes. The bleak suffering of *Running Scared* when it builds and builds to the soaring falsetto at the end, one of the most tempestuous climaxes to any pop. The anguished lament of *Only The Lonely*, his very own magnum opus, literally tear-drenched, incandescent. The chilling entrance to *In Dreams* where he sobs out, "I close my eyes and drift away," where you feel that his entire life is spilling, erupting over the edges of the melody. The stark loneliness to *The Crowd*, a melting mood throughout, a contained rapture, his most melancholic of all.

Consider Orbison, think how goddamn rare this tortured passion happens to be. Whether rocking, enchanting, chafing or simply charming, he's been burning and he's certainly not finished yet.

"I think there's every chance I'll die a fulfilled man," he smiles with massive understatement. "I never did have any big dreams. Sometimes I'd fantasise about owning an island or a country and being the king. All the kingdoms were already taken, y'know... so I decided to open my lungs and sing instead and it somehow worked out. I'm still very much the outsider, even now. It's something I just can't seem to fight. I'm comfortable with it after all this time. Now, I don't even know whether I did that on purpose, whether it was a move on my part to be different, to stand apart. Maybe it was deliberate in the early days but you can't keep something like that out for long... however and whatever, it feels like it's been worth all the hurt."

Behind those shades, the Legend still stirs. Roy Orbison is back to give heartache a good name once again. The legend writhes, winces and eventually smiles. A rather diffident smile. Still Orbison outshines.

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For a fee of £1 (all proceeds to charity apart from six pints to the winner), anyone who turns up at the British Dwarf Throwing Championships will have the opportunity to hurl Little Lenny The Giant, a four-foot, four-inch, seven-stone dwarf, down a pitch of cheap flowery mattresses. To ensure Lenny's well-being only underarm throws are allowed – no swinging him by the ankles – and the pitch is lined with assistants in case of drunken misthrows. Strategically placed just beyond the world record mark is a blow-up rubber woman, with legs splayed to give the throwers and Lenny a target to aim for.

Competition is expected to be fierce both among the inevitable hordes of Essex lads, the hardcore aficionados of the sport and their girlfriends, who will be throwing for the coveted ladies doubles title. They'll all be shooting for the world record of twelve feet, nine inches, held by heavily tattooed, 22-stone Roy 'Cuddles' Merrin, a bison of a man who has dominated the sport since his astonishing first throw of 149 inches. Ever since that historic moment Roy has been the lynch pin of the dynamic British team, who recently returned from an unbeaten though controversial world tour.

Their manager and President of the British Association of Dwarf Throwers (membership: over 1,000; bumper sticker: KEEP FIT, THROW A DWARF) is Danny Bamford, the hearty South London wide boys whom (dubbed by some an "evil genius") behind the sport's rocketing popularity. Two years ago Bamford was just another cabaret artist, leader of the Oddballs, an avant garde outfit whose speciality was the 'Balloon Dance' – four grown men in socks and wigs improvising the cha-cha and trying to burst the balloons covering each other's groins. When Lenny The Giant asked to join, Bamford, never a man to follow the conventions of good taste blindly, agreed once he was satisfied that Lenny could handle the inevitable ridicule. It was Lenny who suggested that they introduce dwarf throwing into the act, after hearing reports of the sport's genesis in Australia. It proved such a success that an Australian tour was soon arranged, from which the British team returned triumphant with The Ashes, created in Brisbane by burning effigies of Snow White.

Bamford now plans to take the show to Chicago and Las Vegas in the Autumn and remains confident that his boys will retain their undefeated record. "Certainly I've got no worries about the Americans. I hear they've got some big lads over there but they'll all be newcomers to the sport. Roy's been throwing dwarves for eighteen months now and I think the experience is going to tell."

The British Championships are billed as a 'Dwarf Sports Spectacular'. Dwarf bowling, for which Lenny is lashed stomach-down onto a skateboard and propelled towards a line of skittles at speeds of up to 30mph, has long been part of the show, but there will be new, exciting variations. One of these involves Lenny being strung up from the ceiling by his ankles, so that he dangles on the end of a rope like a human pendulum and is then swung towards a table with skittles on it. In another he is fitted out in a German World War I helmet with a spike on the top and hurled at a dartboard. Bamford's latest idea is conkers, which requires two dwarves, again suspended from the ceiling, and helmets specially designed to hold an egg in the top. The point is to crack their heads together and try to smash the eggs.

"I wake up in the middle of the night and these ideas just come to me," Bamford told me, "it's a gift." Predictably, his talents have not been met with unanimous approval. Declared "most tasteless" in Australia and a public enemy in Denmark, harassed by the British Home Office, and 'discussed' in the European Parliament, Bamford has acquired quite a reputation for himself, and a lot of free publicity. His most determined and bitter enemy is Pamela Rutt, chairperson for the British Association for Research into Restricted Growth, who called dwarf throwing "dangerous and insulting."

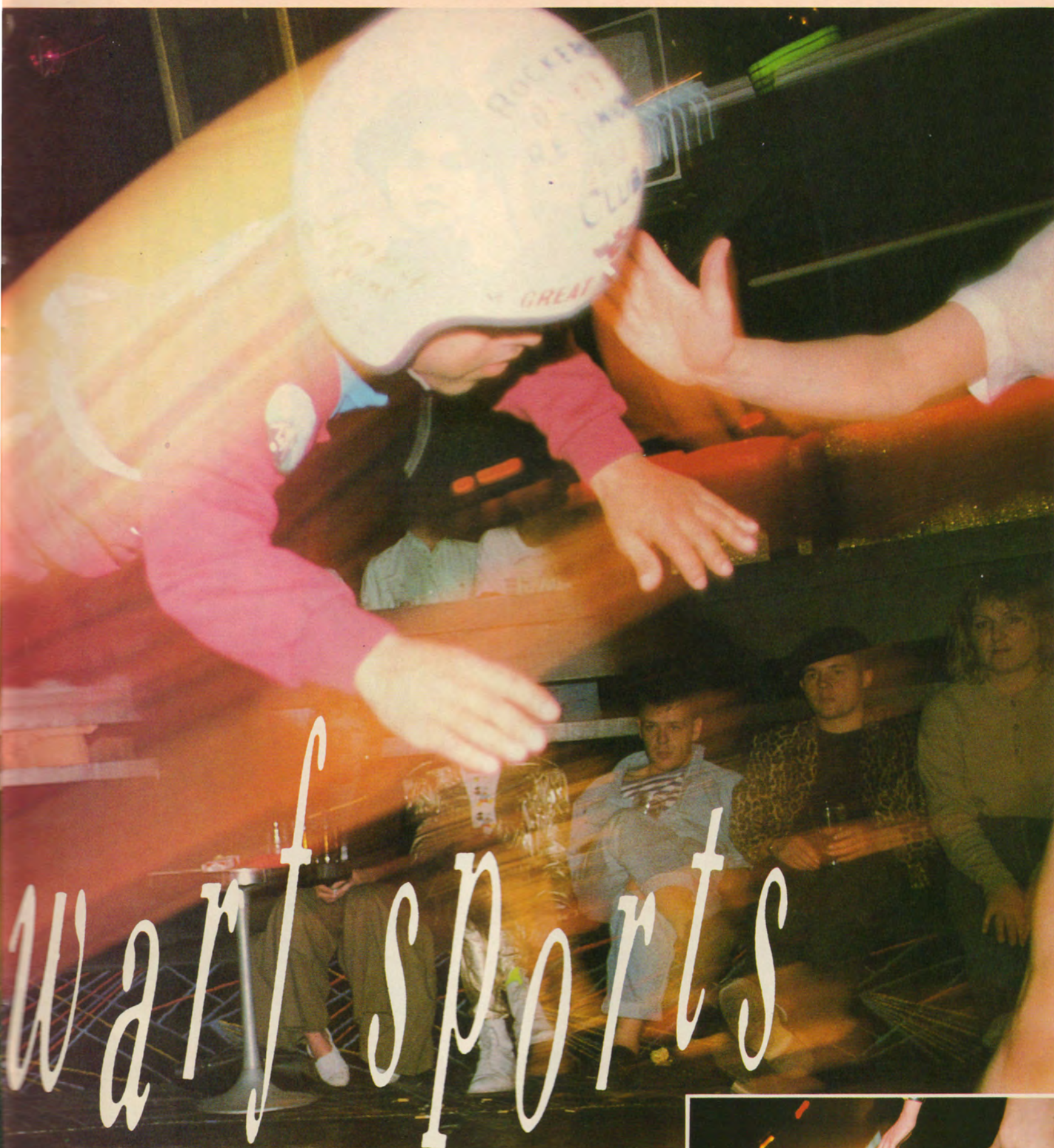
"If any of them actually came to the show," Danny says, "they'd see that Lenny's welfare is my first concern. He wears a crash helmet at all times and has been trained to fall properly, and he's never been hurt. It's not as if I'm telling people to grab dwarves off the street and start chucking them into walls."

Lenny himself, the only professional dwarf projectile in the world, is proud of his status and keen to protect it from the legions of other dwarves who have pestered Bamford for jobs. He's certainly got no time for what he sees as the liberal mollycoddling of people like Pamela Rutt. Since he hooked up with Bamford, with whom he now shares a house, Lenny has been able to quit his £80 a week factory job, find a girlfriend of normal size and see the world.

"I don't carry a chip on my shoulder about my size," Lenny says. "I can look after myself. And I get a kick out of doing this, flying through the air, like. I have a good laugh and so does everybody else." ●



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DWARF THROWING is Britain's newest and most controversial sport. In August the British Championships, billed as a 'Dwarf Sports Spectacular', take place in Canvey Island. Richard Grant reports. Photographs by Julian Simmonds.





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PAULA CICCONE

words by Fenton Bailey photograph by Jack Pedota

Paula Ciccone is 25 and also known as 'Madonna's sister'. I first saw her performing in the Downtown Dukes and Divas at the New York Limelight when she sang a country & western number with Joe Henry. At the soundcheck there were photographers everywhere, which seemed unfair but was nothing on the time before when she made it onto the front page of the New York Post after appearing as a go-go girl in the same revue.

We met in a bar on St Marks Place. Richard Ferrari, whose model agency Paula works for, with some success, was also present. At the opposite table a couple of drunks were absorbed in lighting matches and putting them between their legs under the table, presumably burning their own farts. When they ran out of matches one of them leaned over and asked for a light. "Has anyone ever told you that you look like Madonna?" he asked, leering at Paula. "If you really were Madonna you wouldn't want to talk to me, would you?" "Why should Madonna want to talk to someone who burns their own farts?" Paula replied. The drunk then wondered if Madonna burns her own farts. "I'm sure she doesn't," said Paula. "I'm sure she just lets them go."

Paula doesn't like interviews. I asked her if she listened to the radio. "No." Or watched MTV. "No." Things were getting uncomfortable, so I asked her what she had in her fridge. "A few aged vegetables, some slightly dehydrated lettuce, a little jar of Hellman's... the light works." Are you a vegetarian? "I do love my vegetables, but I also love my meat... that sounds horrible!" Now that we had the headline, everyone relaxed.

"Here's what I'm doing really," said Paula. "I'm writing some songs with my friends... I'm going to take them to some labels." She knows she could probably skip the demos altogether because of who she is, but "when it comes to music and art I'm not willing to be a total asshole and rush in for the sake of rushing." I said that if I was Elvis Presley's brother I'd exploit it mercilessly. "Would you

wear his suits?" she replied rather tartly. She knows the difference between "getting a record deal because you like the music you're making and getting a record deal because you know you can get one", and recalls an interview with Michael J Fox, who was shocked when he realised that because of his role as a rock'n'roll star in *The Light Of Day* the record companies would let him go right ahead and be a real rock'n'roll star. Which brings us to Madonna. "When she became famous I wasn't shocked, I wasn't surprised. I always thought of her in those terms, as being really popular... She just got a bigger apartment and came home less, that's all." Have you been inspired by her at all? "I'm inspired by the idea that in a good strong moment we can do anything, whereas in a weak moment we only hope we can. But you can do it."

MELANIE GRIFFITH

words by Jonh Wilde photography by Julian Simmonds

Melanie Griffith, currently the star of Jonathan Demme's *Something Wild*, brushed close to the world of silver-screen glamour at a spectacularly young age. As legend has it, Marilyn Monroe came into her hospital room to lay the goochie-goochie-goo on thick when Griffith was just a few hours old. "Marilyn had suffered a miscarriage the day before," she explains, "and just wanted to hold a baby to help her forget."

The daughter of actress Tippi Hedren, who starred in Hitchcock's *The Birds* and *Marnie*, Griffith grew up in Hollywood surrounded by high glamour and famous names. For her sixth birthday, Hitchcock, with typically macabre humour, presented her with a tiny pine coffin in which a miniature of her mother was laid out. Despite all that, she never felt fated to enter the film world herself.

"What I really wanted to do was go to college and study philosophy," she recalls. "When I was 17, I was doing a little modelling work for something to do. It was by accident that I got a call on my service to go for this interview which I thought was for another modelling job. It turned out to be an audition for *Night Moves* and I ended up being cast opposite Gene Hackman. After that, I was completely hooked!"

From there, she went on to roles in *The Drowning Pool* with Paul Newman, Michael Ritchie's *Smile* and later Abel Ferrara's *Fear City*, as well as several other film and television projects. In between, she married twice, once to childhood sweetheart Don Johnson. Her breakthrough role was porno star Holly Body in De Palma's otherwise atrocious *Body Double*. Rather weary of being typecast in the scantily-clad sexpet roles, she stresses that her performance as Lulu Hankel in *Something Wild* will convince the public that there's more to her than a licentious pout and the typical victim of grimy male fantasies.

"Not that I want to ignore my sexuality because I don't think I'll ever get away from having that. I could play a lawyer, a nurse or a nun and it would still be there. For me, the challenge is in doing something that's different from my own personality. Why work at all if you're not going to try something unfamiliar? That would be like masturbation for me."

Having already completed filming the post-apocalyptic *Cherry 2000* and Robert Redford's *The Milagro Beanfield War*, she's already anticipating her next role in *Stormy Monday*, which is to start shooting in Newcastle come autumn. Flashing a mischievous, slightly spacey grin, Melanie Griffith doesn't need telling that her star is in the helter-skelter ascendant.

"Life's a trip isn't it?" she laughs. "Anything can be whatever you make it. Once you realise that you yourself are the biggest joke in your life, then everything starts making some sense. When I think about it, it's kind of silly that grown people like to dress up and play other people, but I'm making a living out of it."



"Four times in your life you've gotta, like, throw a TV out of the window — you've gotta really wank off and trash something, you know? And this film is Alex Cox saying 'I'm in Led Zeppelin now — I'm The Golden Gaard!'" Cover your ears please, because Miss Courtney Love (previously Miss Coco Rodriguez) is squeaking the praises of *Straight To Hell*, director Cox's spaghetti western-spoof/parody/bastard-child in which she appears as blonde, pregnant and whining Velma. Love's character is "the white trashiest girl of all time", who, at the beginning, rides into raucous, violent, passionate, caffeine-addicted El Blanco with three hired killers, and — mercifully — rides off the edge of a cliff at the end. Apparently Cox ("My God, he inspires phenomenal love — his balls are t-h-i-s big!") anticipates *Straight To Hell* being the new *Top Gun*. "And it possibly will be, with children and small dogs," adds Courtney. Born in San Francisco to two "really big hippies" (her father managed Grateful Dead and now edits *High Times*), Love grew up on a staple diet of algae and abstracts — "Be the moon! Be spring! Be chrome!" — and then began hanging out with three local junkie whores at age eight. "I worshipped the ground they walked on! My mother freaked out at first, but then said, 'Well, I suppose if you're learning something from them, it's OK.'" "Weird delusions" abounding, and heavily influenced by Tatum O'Neal ("a star so young; I mean w-ow-w!"), Love tried, but failed, to get a job tap-dancing on *The Three Mouseketeers* TV programme ("I was shattered"), but did perform in a Cornflakes commercial.

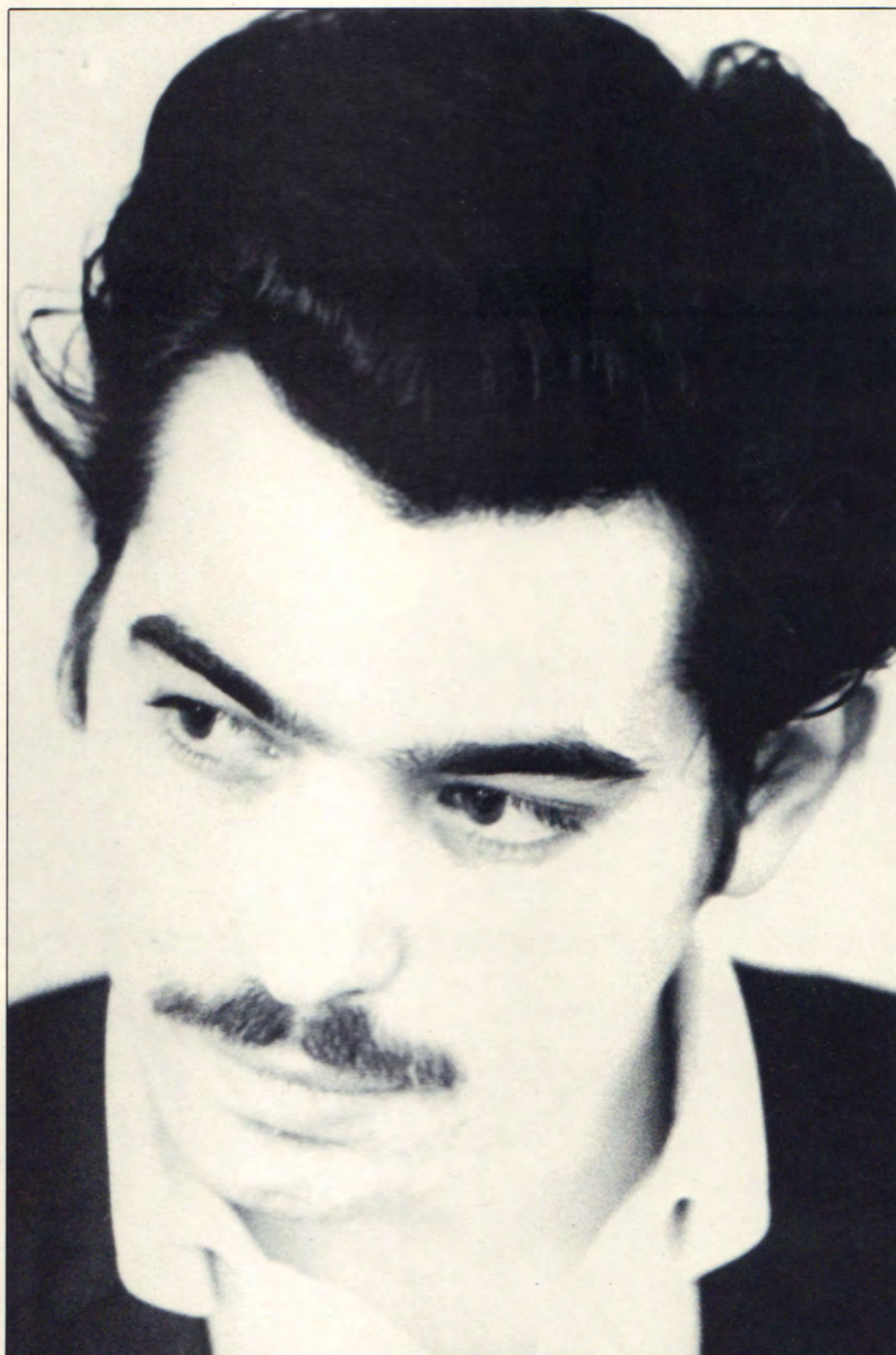
"Since eight," she reflects, "I've been on the move, been everywhere and done everything." This includes playing Fagin in a theatre production of *Oliver*, being a juvenile delinquent in Oregon, and attending the same school in Malibu as the "nepotistic" Penn brothers, Tom Cruise and Charlie Sheen. The latter she saw again recently at Nell's in New York, where he was parading an open shirt, a Rolex watch and a bodyguard, and said "God bless!" to her very intensely.

Love first met Alex Cox at an audition for *Sid & Nancy*. "I was back on the West Coast and was a negative Black-Art Queen — what you would call a Goth. Someone phoned to say 'They're having an open call for Nancy Spungeon in LA. You really out to go — you're such a bitch!'" Rather than Nancy, though, she got the role of Nancy's friend; leading now to *Straight To Hell*, plus "offers of a Hollywood teen sex sci-fi comedy, which would give me a lot of credit cards", and — starting this month — the role of Jean Harlow in a New York theatre production of the Sixties-banned *The Beard*. "Harlow was the first blonde, the first bag of meat," she half-jokes, "but a lady too. This role is the blondest, blondest thing I could possibly do! Then, afterwards, I can stop being blonde and go natural brown, wear corduroy and become simple, austere, self-contained and aloof."

COURTNEY LOVE

words by John Hind photography by Julian Simmonds





CHRISTOPHE LEBOURG

words by Amanda Rowe photography by Kenny Campbell

Christophe Lebourg, 24-year-old contemporary designer for men and women, is a bad kid with good looks and a name in Paris fashion. His designs possess the essential ingredients of *haute couture*: a flair for sobriety and simplicity, cut with class, which is hardly surprising considering that his fashion career commenced at the age of 16 at the House of Dior.

Success struck early with his first collection in Spring '84, under the name Dimitrios. The following year he opened his own boutique, using his real name, on an exclusive street in Paris next door to Cacharel, who approached him to tap some of his talent into their designs. Thus his image was born. Where Lebourg's designs were concerned, the onus was on quality, without superfluity or wild creativity. Consequently, he shunned any frivolous ventures into the advertising world, relying solely on his reputation and scorning his competitors who made such a fuss about shows and the media.

Today, however, Lebourg has altered his views that one can remain on top through name and reputation alone. He believes fashion means business, "and a name just doesn't interest enough people". He therefore plans to aim at another market altogether: "those out in the street". He has discovered that the tailored look has its drawbacks — a lot of work for a finished garment at a high price — and finds that casual wear is basic, "and it sells". The rate at which his latest cotton T-shirts and swimsuits, with 3 KILOS, 18 CARATS emblazoned across the chest, have been snapped up amply proves his point.

Lebourg will be introducing a whole new line this winter: unisex and children's wear; cottons and jeans; military and workers' clothes. And he is used to getting what he wants: if he feels this is the right time to move towards a new mode, then he expects it to work. Outside of fashion, Lebourg's interests include Bloody Marys and beers, consumed in vast quantities, and the film industry. Seeing himself as an actor initially ("you have to start off somewhere"), his true passion is to become a producer. His *atelier* is packed with every imaginable book and magazine on the glamour and trauma associated with the Big Screen. He hopes to make an impression through an agency he's set up with in Paris, but only as long as 'they' come to him; it would contradict the Lebourg image if he were to do the approaching. "I want to rule the world," he says, laughing, "and end my days in Las Vegas." And he's not joking.



PATRICK GALE

words by Mark Cordery photography by Julian Simmonds

Patrick Gale describes the characters in his novel *Kansas In August* (Century, £9.95) as "people in hell trying to make something nice out of their lives". Hilary is a school teacher living in White City. Hellish perhaps, and certainly not heavenly, especially as he still has acting, singing and dancing aspirations (the novel's soundtrack is Rodgers & Hammerstein). His sister, Henry, is a psychiatrist. Rufus, a piano teacher/gigolo (who wants to be a pianist) is sleeing with both of them, although none of the elements in the ménage is aware of the combination. Negotiations for a film (involving Channel 4, naturally) are currently taking place. Gale would like to be involved because he could use the money (the Dior suit he is wearing is borrowed).

Kansas is his third novel, following *The Aerodynamics Of Pork* and *Ease*, published simultaneously in this country by Abacus, in reverse order in the USA, perhaps because the publishers were "a bit nervous because *Pork* is an extremely gay novel".

Gale, born in 1962 on the Isle of Wight (where his father was Prison Governor) won a scholarship to Winchester where he served as a Quirister (and later in the London Philharmonic Choir and some dodgy trad jazz bands). In between editing the *Wykehamist* and getting a Second in English at Oxford he contracted a skin disease while working in a London dosshouse during *The Year Off*. A penance perhaps? "No," he says, amiably, "it was a paying job".

After Oxford he moved back to London and did some time as a singing waiter in a late-night bar in Covent Garden, then taught himself to type and became a "pioneering Brook Street boy", penetrating such female preserves as a typing pool in Cricklewood, where he was a privileged observer at Ann Summers' bedware parties and an eavesdropper on some "very frightening" women's talk. "Men are much more romantic," he says. In between temping he wrote the novels. Short but perfectly formed novels. Slight, perhaps, but seductive. "My agent says the next one has to be BIG."

he says, bemused. He's already written it and it is indeed "a baggy monster with lots of characters". He has also contributed reviews to the *Literary Review*, but wonders if they will let him do any more in view of his tendency to be *too kind*. Happily, he is not so lenient with Hilary, who is having a pretty tough time by most standards. "Such a loser," agrees the author, "but he's very optimistic." The reading of Gale, like the writing, is dangerously easy. You can tell he loves the actual process of writing, which makes the process of reading a complementary pleasure. When it comes to revision he will, on almost anyone's suggestion, make a character smoke more and drink less, or vice versa, but he would be fiercely reluctant to move a comma. "I concentrate much more — I know this sounds pretentious — on the musical side of the book, the way the rhythm of the chapters works, more than on what people are wearing. So I'll cut something out if I think it's spoiling the rhythm."

BRUCE CAMPBELL

words by John Hind photography by Steve Double

"In one scene, in front of the mirror when I get attacked by my reflection, I've got green goo on me which shouldn't be there. It's from a previous scene, which we cut because it didn't quite work, of a girl vomiting up on me."

Well, as they say, it's a living... Only just 'living', though, because throughout the 85 minutes, 1,200 shots, 250 special effects and thousands of continuity problems of *Evil Dead II*, actor Bruce Campbell takes on more nightmarish creatures and vicious violence than most of us probably get through in a lifetime of nightmares.

Reprising his role of Ash (the prisoner in the isolated cabin from *Evil Dead I*, which became a 'video nasties' cause célèbre in 1983), *Evil Dead II* completes a process for Campbell which he reckons "has forced me to learn every technique and device an actor may be asked to use. For three months on each film I did something completely new or bizarre each day... Now, when I step on a film set I won't be intimidated by anything."

Blowing his own trumpet, perhaps, but there can't be many films more unrelentingly physical and wearying than *Evil Dead II*. "Giving 100 per cent for ten takes of a scene in which you're thrown against a wall, or whatever, is the most difficult aspect," he admits. "Audiences don't care if the set's freezing cold, if you're exhausted, or if you've just had an argument with the wife..." No, what audiences do want — according to a local film distributor who Campbell and his colleagues approached for advice in their amateur filmmaking days — is for you to "...keep the blood running down the screens!!!"

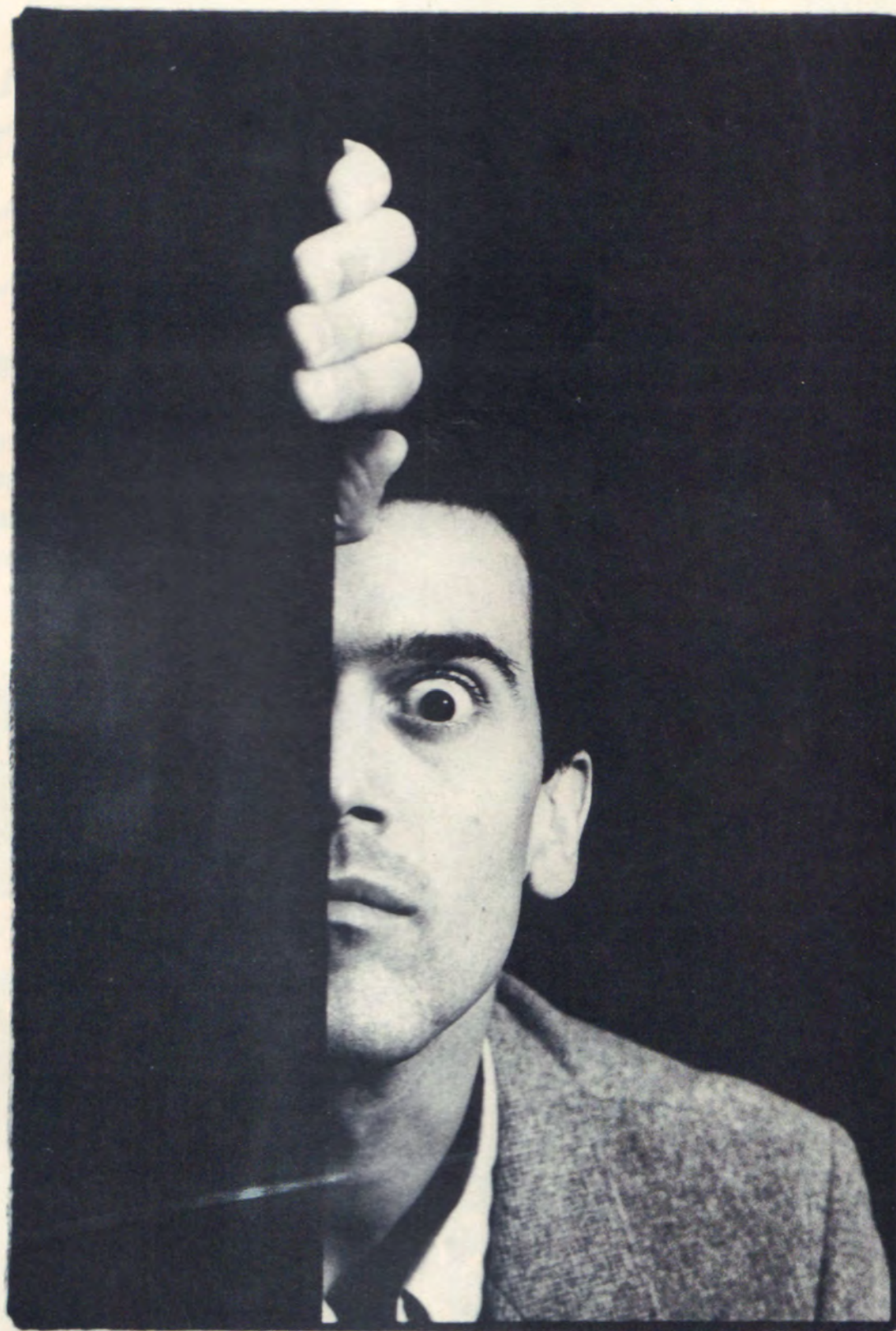
Campbell is not only the hero/victim of *Evil Dead I & II*, but also co-producer. As such he talks of both gore and "broader markets", "a good long-term investment" and of the "years, not months" spent making each picture.

Evil Dead II cost over \$1m to make, and is intended as "more of a comedy, this time... because a lot of my friends wouldn't talk to me for weeks after the first one... I mean, no way could you say *Evil Dead II* is rooted in reality."

Currently residing in California, where he has moved from Detroit to "get into this acting thing seriously", Campbell starts this month on a film called *Maniac Cop*, in which he plays "a good cop who ends up shooting this maniac cop 48 times".

But, Bruce, what do your own nightmares involve?

"I've often had this one of being trapped in a war-torn area, with my brother — who's a gun-lover — protecting me... But I avidly hate guns, I can assure you... I think European men are much better adjusted about that kind of thing."



COP!

by SPG Thug

Women like uniforms. When I'm in one I feel big and tough. You can rely on a cop. Not like women, children and animals. I hate them. Ever since that day I got hit in the head with a cricket ball I'd wanted to be a cop. Now, all the pubs I go in are empty and I get free beer. I always get the best spec at footy matches too.

At night we like a laugh in the van. Usually we

get pissed up and arrest anything not in uniform. Sometimes we go to strip clubs and fuck about. We do what we like. Last week we caught this kid with a big bag of smack. We all had a bit and threw up in the van. It was cut. So was he. It's like the Sarge says: "If they're poor they're against the law!"

The End



Yes sir,

Yes!

TO NO
STIFFNESS

Yes!

TO NO
GREASE

Yes!

TO NO
LACK OF
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- 28. FEB 85** Anne Pigalle; Tom Bailey; BLITZ guide to New York; Jean Michel Jarre; Pet Shop Boys; Streetsounds; Paul Morley on Pop Stars & Music Journalism.
- 29. MARCH 85** Katharine Hamnett interview; Paul Young; Lenny Henry; Steven Berkoff; Terry Gilliam; Dennis Skinner MP; Suzanna Hamilton.
- 32. JUNE 85** Scritti Politti; Pete Townshend; Nic Roeg; Fine Young Cannibals; Prefab Sprout; Allen Ginsberg; Alex Cox; Stephen Linard; The Woodentops.
- 35. OCT 85** The Communards; Tom Waits; Alexei Sayle; James Ferman & film censorship; Nona Hendryx; Twiggy; Annabella; The Cloth; Gaby Agis; DC Lee; Brilliant.
- 38. FEB 86** The Kray Twins behind bars; Cannon & Ball; Twisted Sister's Dee Snider; Floy Joy; Fish from Marillion; Death Wish director Michael Winner; Hollywood Babylon II; Obscure Objects of Desire.
- 39. MARCH 86** Lager Wars — the rise & rise of trendy beer; Eddie Shah; John Lydon; the broken bones & torture of amateur boxing; Arnold Schwarzenegger; Alan Bleasdale & Bernard Hill; Julie Burchill; Saul Bass; Mark & Syrie.
- 41. MAY 86** What next for Vivienne Westwood?; Blow Monkeys; Anthony Sher; American Football in Britain; Helena Bonham Carter; Jonathan Richman; John Peel.
- 43. JULY 86** The BLITZ Designer Collection — 21 of the world's top fashion designers restyle the Levi's denim jacket; Daniel Day Lewis; Frank Bruno; Crack; Adventures in the Grand Prix Trade; Calvin Klein; Paul Morley on the World Cup; The Mission; Nancy Cunard.
- 44. AUGUST 86** Paul Morley interviews Norman Tebbit; David Sylvian; Nina Myskow; Crime as a career move; Aswad; the BLITZ Fashion Gala; Willi Smith; Poly Styrene; So It Goes; Charles Bukowski.
- 46. OCT 86** Black Police — May the Multi-Racial Force be with you; Julian Cope's Confessions of an Acid Head; Matt Johnson; Clare Grogan; Iain Banks; Linda Davidson; 23 pages of tough chic fashion.
- 47. NOV 86** Big Bang — Panic in the City; the Death of Reggae; Little Richard; Dennis Potter; Griff Rhys Jones; Truman Capote; Iggy Pop; the Boyle Family; Marguerite Duras.
- 48. DEC 86** Sex & Revenge — Joe Orton's Diaries; Cyndi Lauper; the Ups and Downs of Wimbledon FC; Dave Allen; Andy White; Patti LaBelle; Andrew Poppy; Anthony Perkins; Kangaroo Club; Imogen Stubbs.
- 49. JAN 87** Isabelle Huppert; Leslie Crowther & The Price Is Right; Rachel Roberts; Fashion Week Dissected; Jeffrey Bernard; Andy Williams; The Spiritualism Business; Mick Karn; Anna Piaggi. Film Poster design; Clive Barker; Jonathan Ross.
- 50. FEB 87** The Sleaze Industry; Mandy Smith; Anthony Burgess; Amanda Donohoe; Bobby Womack; David Cronenberg's The Fly; American Short Fiction; Barry Kamen & Hilde Smith; Irving Penn; Jim Jarmusch; Ice Hockey.
- 51. MARCH 87** Rupert Everett — from Film Star to Pop Star; Gang Warfare in LA; Oliver Reed; The Snap Pack; Cybill Shepherd; Peter Cook; Raymond Carver; Spike Lee; The Bodines; Ramsey Campbell; Whaling.
- 52. APRIL 87** Jasper Conran — Golden Boy of British Fashion; Marc Almond; Euroterrorism; Paul Morley on Siouxsie; Terry Jones; Anthony Price; David Lynch; Steve Earle; Alessandra Ferri; Fashion Cares T-shirt offer; Mel & Kim.
- 53. MAY 87** Martin Amis interviewed by Paul Morley; James Brown in his own words; Gérard Depardieu; Theresa Russell; Nashville revisited; Len Deighton; White Witchcraft; Act; John Pilger.
- 54. JUNE 87** Duran Duran; Exposure! — the best of BLITZ photography; Gary Oldman; the Truth About Advertising; Tom Jones; Patrick Moore; Vine Street Blues; Bertrand Blier; Danielle Dax.

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- 24. SEPT 84** Nick Rhodes; Gary Kemp; Best of BLITZ; Mel Smith; BLITZ/Olympus Photography competition; Company Of Wolves; Tim Roth; Fela Kuti.
- 25. OCT 84** Boy George writes about the media; Neil Kinnock and the selling of the Labour party; Miles Copeland; History of the Showroom Dummy; Aztec Camera.
- 31. MAY 85** Morrissey interviews Pat Phoenix; Billy Connolly; George Cole; Billy Bragg; Los Lobos; The Untouchables; Jesus & Mary Chain.
- 33. JULY/AUG 85** Billy Idol in New York; Gil Scott-Heron; the Selling of Bruce Springsteen; Nicholas Cage; Level 42; Jay McInerney.
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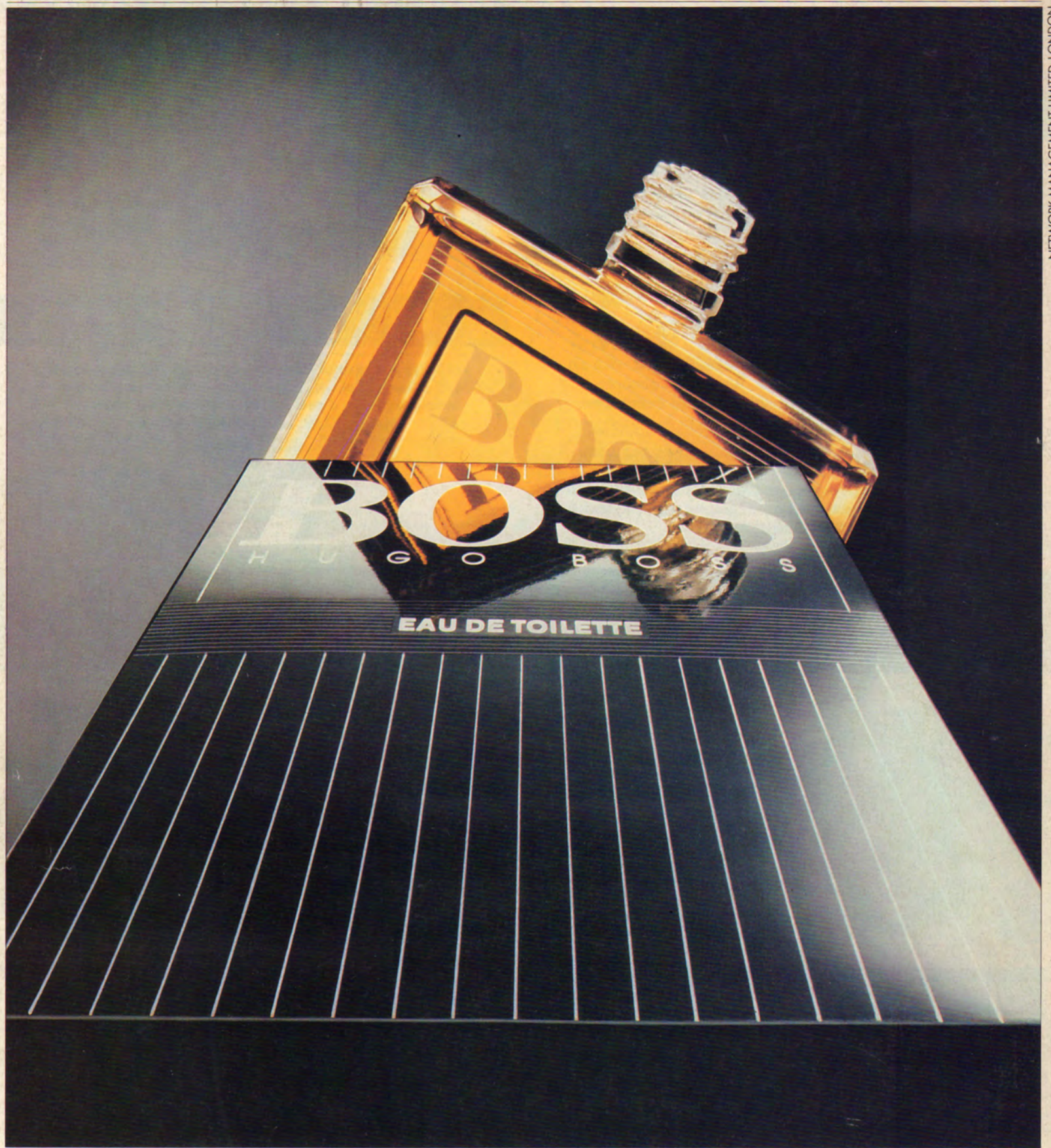
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